MAC

VERY SICK

FEBRUARY
No. 73
35¢

SPECIAL SECTION
The GROUPIES

STUDENTS FOR A DESTROYED SOCIETY

Bonus! BIG GLOSSY HANG-UP **VETERANS** OF CAMPUS RIOTS **MEDAL**

WOODSTOCK WALTZ FESTIVAL ▪ **MINORITY GROUPS ON TV** IN LIVING COLOR

EXCUSE-FROM-SCHOOL NOTES

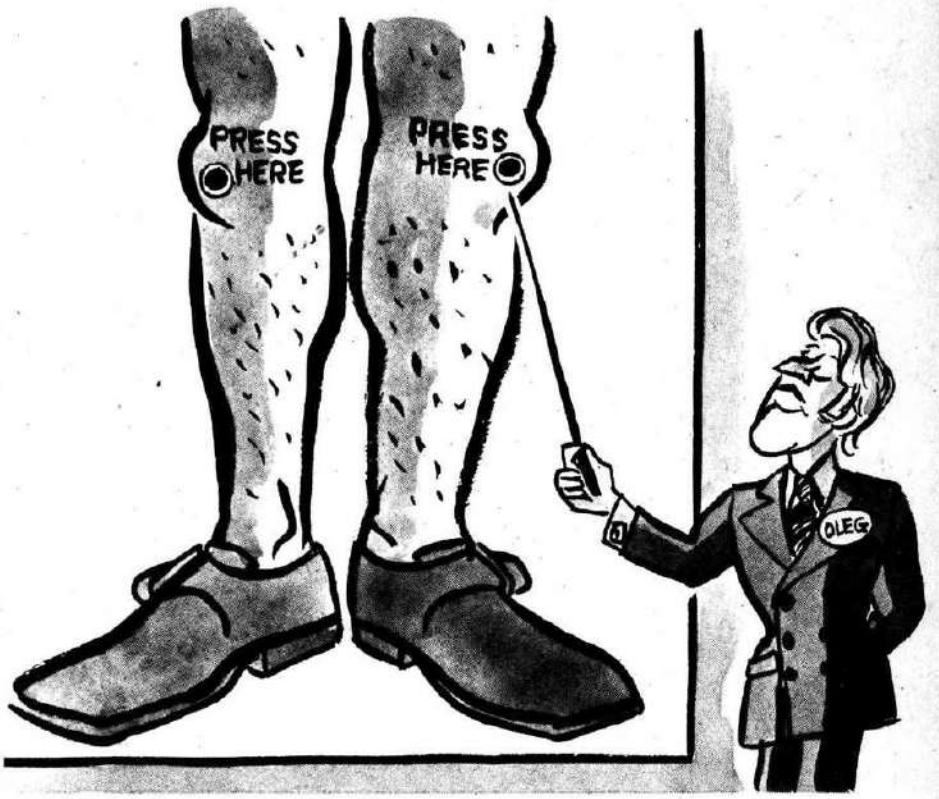
VETERAN

New York City. The Mayor is a bit doubtful about cleaning up air-pollution. Says his honor: "I don't think New Yorkers will ever trust air that they can't see."

Detroit. General Motors recalled all the 1964 cars parked at a local drive-in movie. They had no trouble removing the faulty transmissions, although they had a heck of a fight on their hands when they tried to remove the teen-age couples from the back seats!

SICK

Volume 10 Number 1 February, 1970



Fashion note: Socks will disappear from the scene completely next year, according to leading stylists. This may strike some people as being unhealthy or unsanitary, but the fashion industry has thought of everything. They simply give you water on the knee and treat it with deodorant. When your feet feel itchy, you press the knobs on your knees and your toes get sprayed.

Editor
JOE SIMON

Editorial Director
PHIL HIRSCH

Circulation Director
RON ADELSON

Production Manager
HAL HOCHVERT

Associate Editor:
Fred Wolfe

Art Director:
B. Wiseman

Contributing Editors:

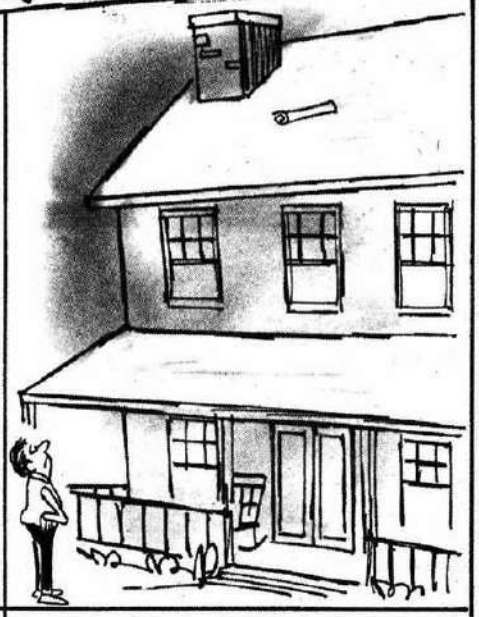
Paul Laikin, Bob Heit, Jim Atkins
Bill Majeski, Lynn Lichty, Louise Miller

SICK is published monthly, except January, April, July and October by Hewfred Publications, Inc. Editorial and executive offices 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., 10022. Single copy 35¢; subscription rate in the United States and possessions, $3.00 for 8 issues. Elsewhere, $3.60. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyrighted © 1970 by Hewfred Publications Inc., 444 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., 10022. All rights reserved throughout the world under the Universal Copyright Conventions, the International Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Printed in the U.S.A.

WE CAN SEND

We can't eat a pizza,
without getting half of it on our lap.

We can't get the last olive
out of the bottle.



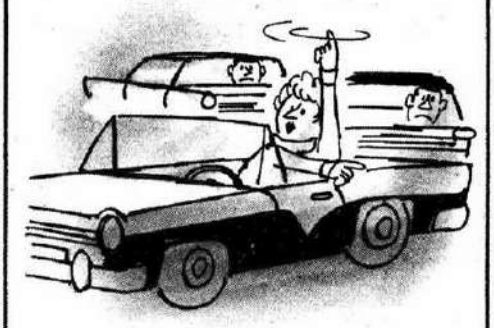
We can't get the delivery boy to land
the daily paper on the front porch.

We can't get a doctor
to make a house call.

We can't find a t.v. repairman who
doesn't take the set back to the shop.

We can't prevent the delivery
of "junk" mail.

We can't make jockey shorts
that don't go on a wild ride.



We can't decipher the signals
of a woman driver.

We can't shave our face,
without turning it into a battlefield.

A MAN TO THE MOON, BUT...

Art by Al Kaufman
Script by Fred Wolfe

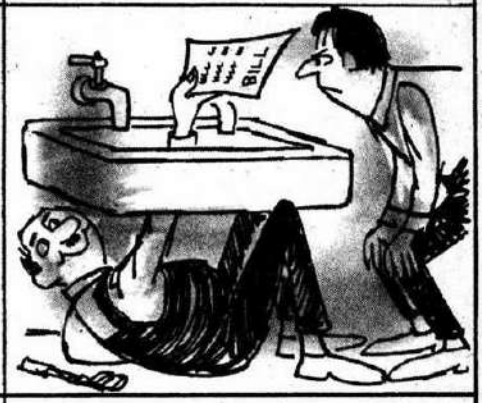
We can't get the lumps out of Farina.

We can't change a typewriter ribbon without looking like The Creature From The Black Lagoon.

We can't get the sanitation men to collect the garbage cans without fracturing our ear-drums.

We can't attract a waiter's attention.

We can't get the cork out of a bottle in one piece.

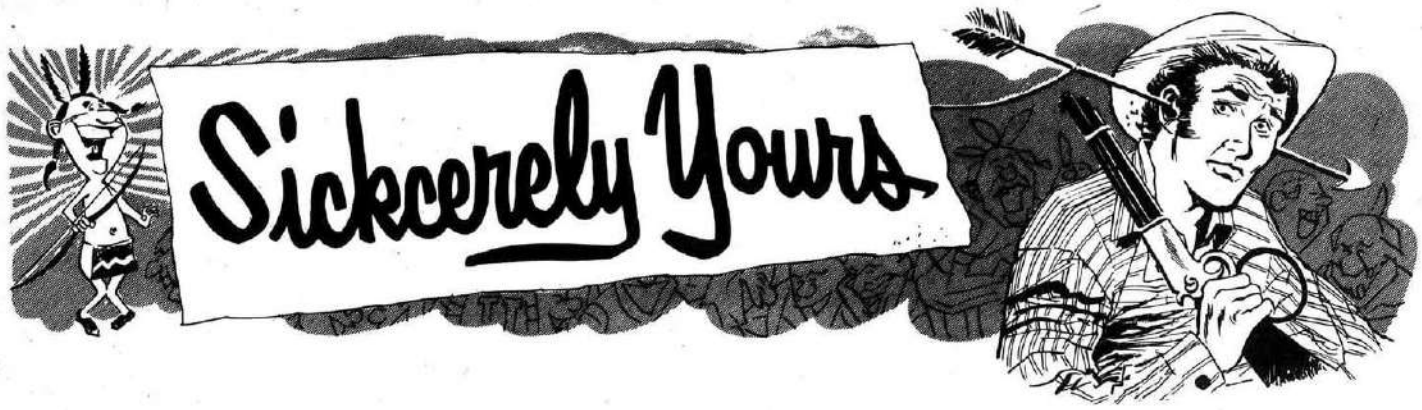


We can't find a plumber who says less than: "$55.00!"

We can't get our last dime back when we get the wrong number.

We can't translate an income tax form.

We can't get the country out of Salem.



I wore the paper ties to school and discovered a groovey new use for them. They're perfect for writing exam notes on. How about designing a whole paper outfit, then I'd pass with flying colors.

Joel Ehrman
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ed: We're printing paper jockey shorts. Go write your notes on them, fella.

I wore your paper tie to a party and everybody laughed. Mainly because I'm a girl.

Phyliss Ackerman
SanFrancisco, Calif.

Ed: Bet you got more laughs than we do.

After wearing the paper tie, I brought it in to the dry-cleaners. The clerk looked at me as if I was crazy. Am I crazy?

Kip Morgensten
Dallas, Tex

Ed: You're just sick.

The head that's on the person on the right with the guitar in his hand belongs on the left. The head that's on the person on the left with the dress and shirt belongs on the right. The heads are mixed up.

Debra Raasch
St. Paul, Minn.

Ed: So are we.

I am writing in regard to the "Spot the Error" contest. The mistake is, the man should be wearing the glasses instead of the woman.

Ricky Hanna
Indianapolis, Ind.

Ed: Wrong, Ricky. The mistake is that we printed the article in the first place.

If any of you guys (or freaks if you're reading this magazine) out there were at Rehobath Beach when George and Nick were, contact them. I don't know what for. Oh, yeah, send in all information about Fishkill, New York; Sarah and Madge and your addresses. Do you watch "Suns Come Up", too? Write to "People We Met", care of George Myers, Perkimen School, Pennsburg, Penna, 18073. This same ad has been in Playboy, Newsweek and Readers Digest.

Ed: Big deal.

I am an Argentine boy of 18 and I would like to be inscribed in Sick. I made a lot of friends through the Sick Pen Pals and so thank you very much indeed. But now I can't see any more Pen Pals and therefore I can't make new friends. What happened?

Alejandro Saenz de Zumaran
Rivadavia 4062, Mar del Plata
Pcia de Buenos Aires, Argentina

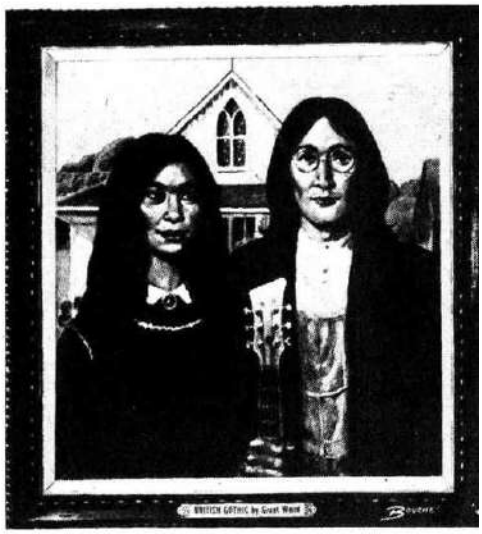
Ed: Don't you know, Alej? The last time you wrote you drove the typesetter crazy.

I should like very much to obtain a back issue of your magazine, Sick ... The issue I so much desire is the one with the picture of John Lennon and his wife on the outside cover posed in the poses of Grant Wood's painting, "American Gothic."

I wish to incorporate the cover in a fine arts lecture. The magazine cover will be shown to a class of 300 sophomores via an opague projector.

George Croskey
Assistant Prof., Fine Arts
University of Portland
Portland, Ore.

Ed: Artist Grant Weird will be honored.



Are poster prints of your art work available? I am especially interested in a take-off of "American Gothic" which I am told appeared in your magazine several months ago. Could you tell me what issue?

Don Walker
Waco, Texas

Ed: "British Gothic" was on the cover of September issue (#70). You wouldn't like it.

Hey, you people better stop cutting up on John and Yoko or any Beatles as far as that goes. Our gang didn't like that, so you better not do it again. And that remark about not being able to recognize them with clothes on, well, they're not the only people that do that. The only reason John and Yoko posed in the nude is because they wanted to show people like you that they are people just like you and me so you better watch it.

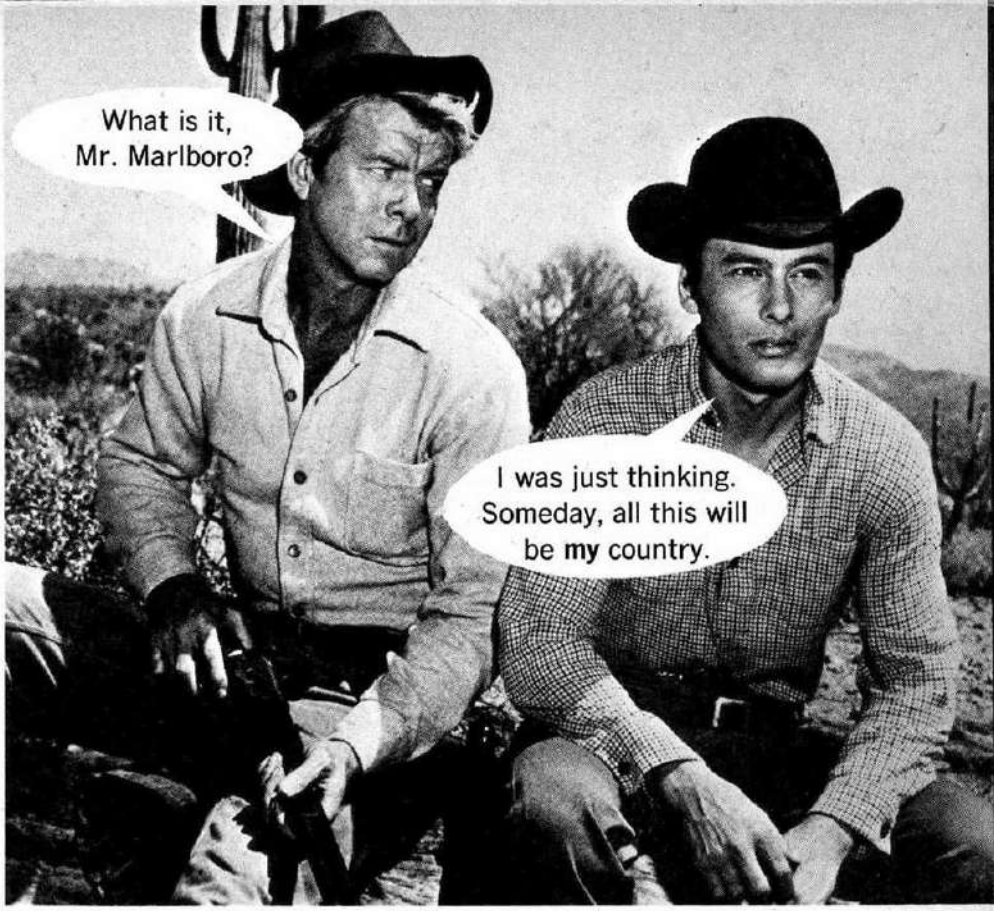
Linda, Paul, Bill, Jerry, Mike,
Russ, Bonnie, DumDum,
Heather, Lynn, Jack, Janet,
Tony, Niel, George, Skip, Mary,
Don, Rich, Joe, George.
West Newton, Pa.

Ed: That takes care of the whole town, right, gang?

Damn Andrew Fortin, who in the heck does he think he is? We're sick and tired of dumb, ignoramus Canadians putting down the teenagers of America. We have faults too... but we've got loads more spirit and a better sense of humor than some of the assinine teens of Canada. And the nerve of him to say they fight our battles! HA! What about World War II? Would Canada's share make much of a difference without the U.S.? What newsworthy event, good or bad, has Canada contributed to history? What is Canada, a vast wasteland? We can understand your feelings of inferiority. Listen, my naive boy with the virgin ears, help your own country's faults before you turn on ours.

Wanda Ulko
Detroit, Mich.

Ed: Cool it, Wanda, we have more troops in Canada than in Vietnam.



I have read your magazine and enjoyed it. I have found it to be the best magazine for bathroom use. As many of my English students, I would like to know if the magazine is printed in Spanish so that we may let our friends in on this great source of international and U.S. affairs.

Eduarde Hannibal Octavio
Barranquilla, Colombia,
South America

Ed: Are you kidding? We don't even print it in English. Seriously, Ed, are you really a teacher?

You can tell R.B. to drop dead cause I hate his guts, along with a couple hundred billion people. That bit he wrote about hippies almost killed me. Hippies are the grooviest people since Cavaliers, man, do I ever dig 'em. You don't seem to like 'em much either. What's the matter, you prejudiced or something?

Wendy Dixon
Puerto Ordaz
Estuado Bolivar

Ed: We don't take sides, Wendy, we simply report the news. Very simply.

RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more, of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

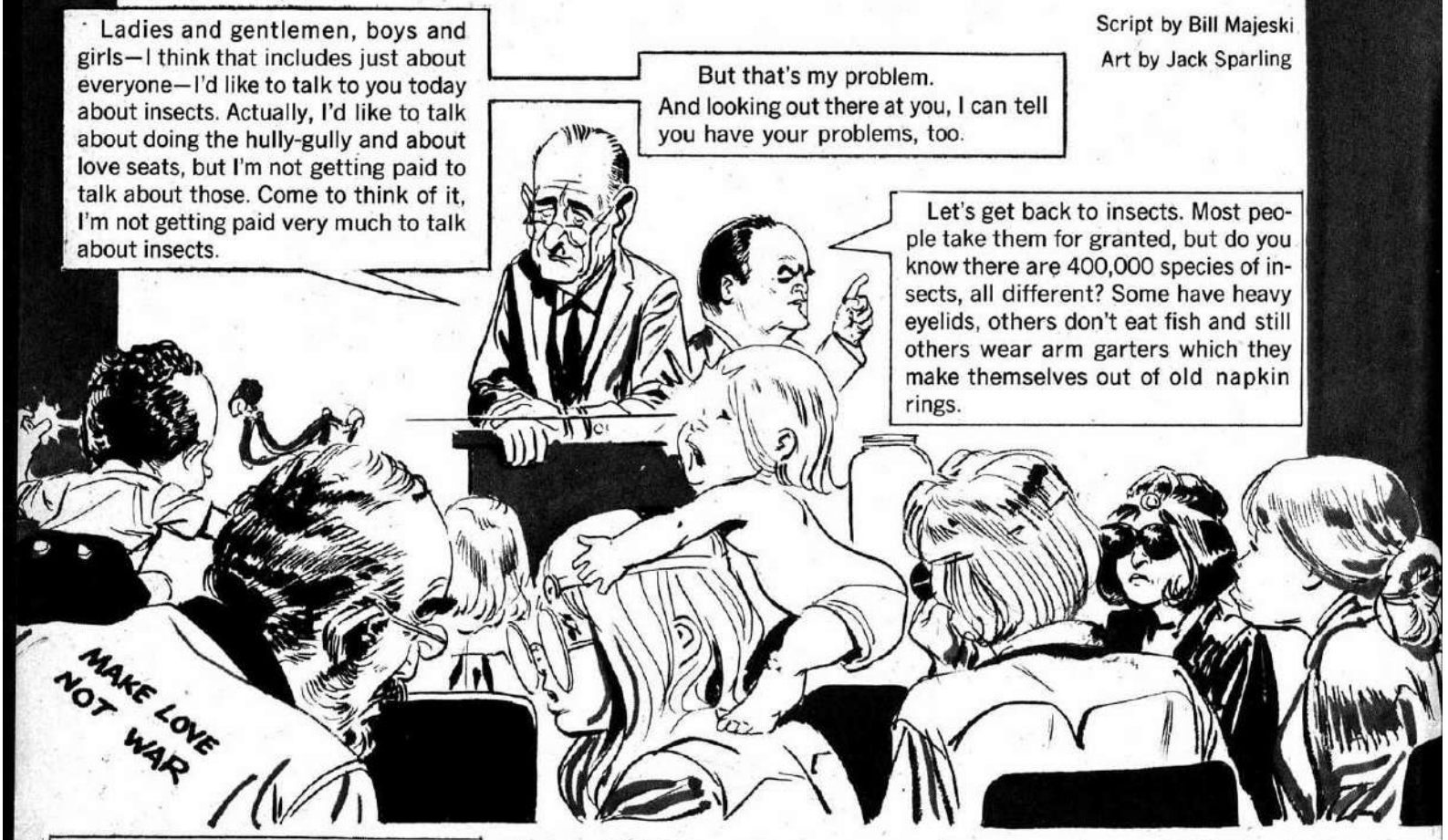
Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.

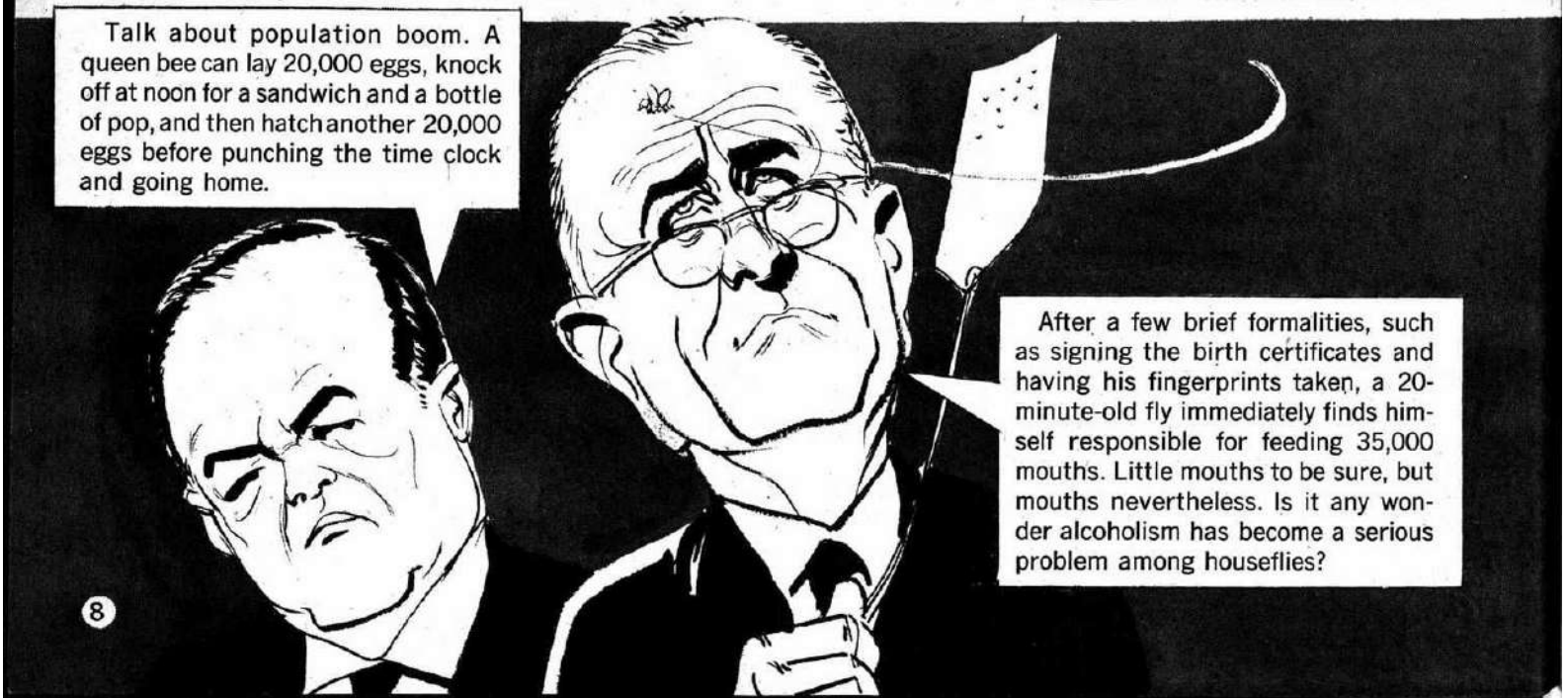
The New Teachers

Two American intellectuals who attained a certain amount of popularity by their brief flings at politics, Lyndon Humphrey and Hubert Johnson have turned their attention completely to... no. make that Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey... (see how quickly we forget?)... to being professors.

Naturally, their classes are packed because people are always interested in what they will discuss—as long as it isn't politics. However, we have a lecture they made recently on a subject closely related to politics—insects.

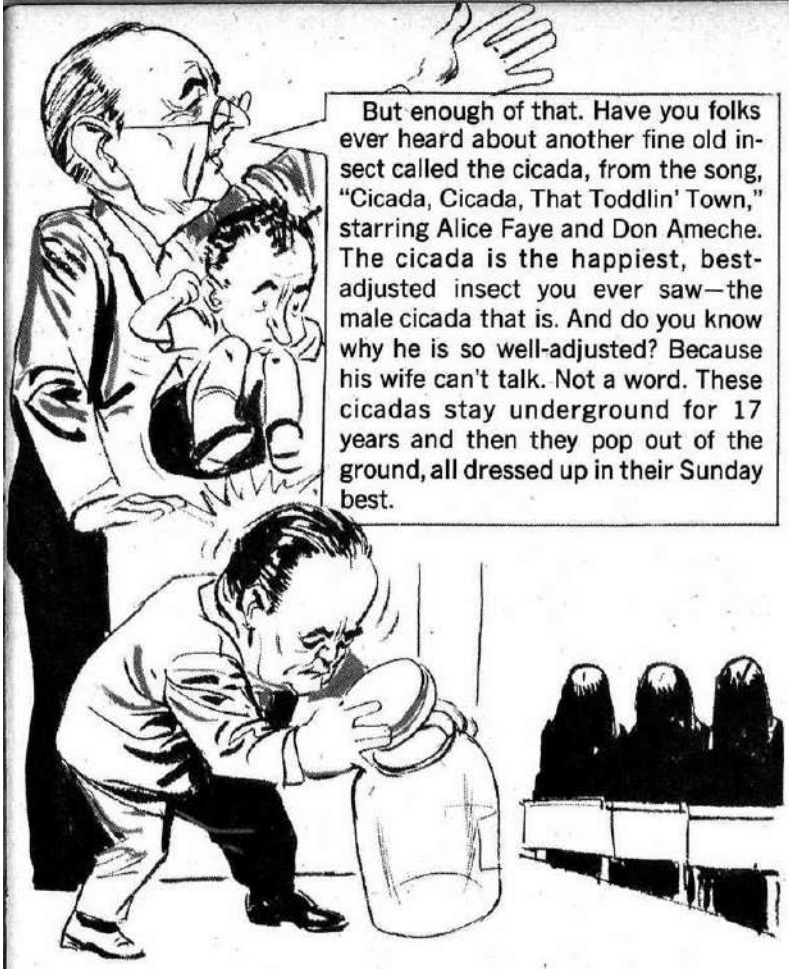
Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Jack Sparling

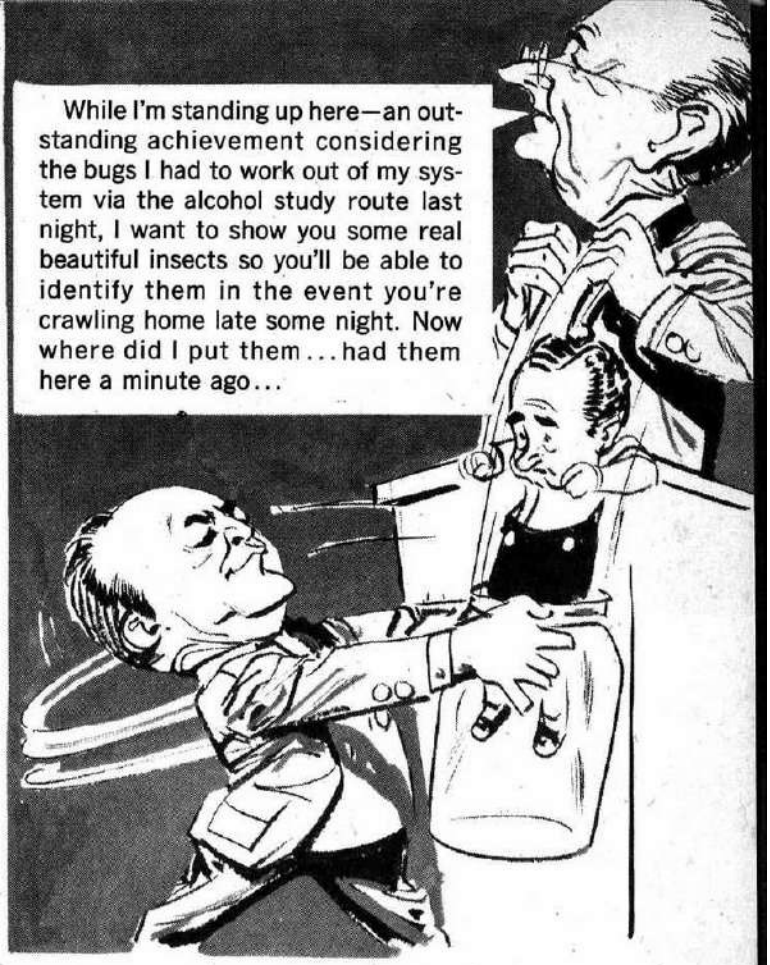

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls—I think that includes just about everyone—I'd like to talk to you today about insects. Actually, I'd like to talk about doing the hully-gully and about love seats, but I'm not getting paid to talk about those. Come to think of it, I'm not getting paid very much to talk about insects.
But that's my problem. And looking out there at you, I can tell you have your problems, too.
Let's get back to insects. Most people take them for granted, but do you know there are 400,000 species of insects, all different? Some have heavy eyelids, others don't eat fish and still others wear arm garters which they make themselves out of old napkin rings.
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

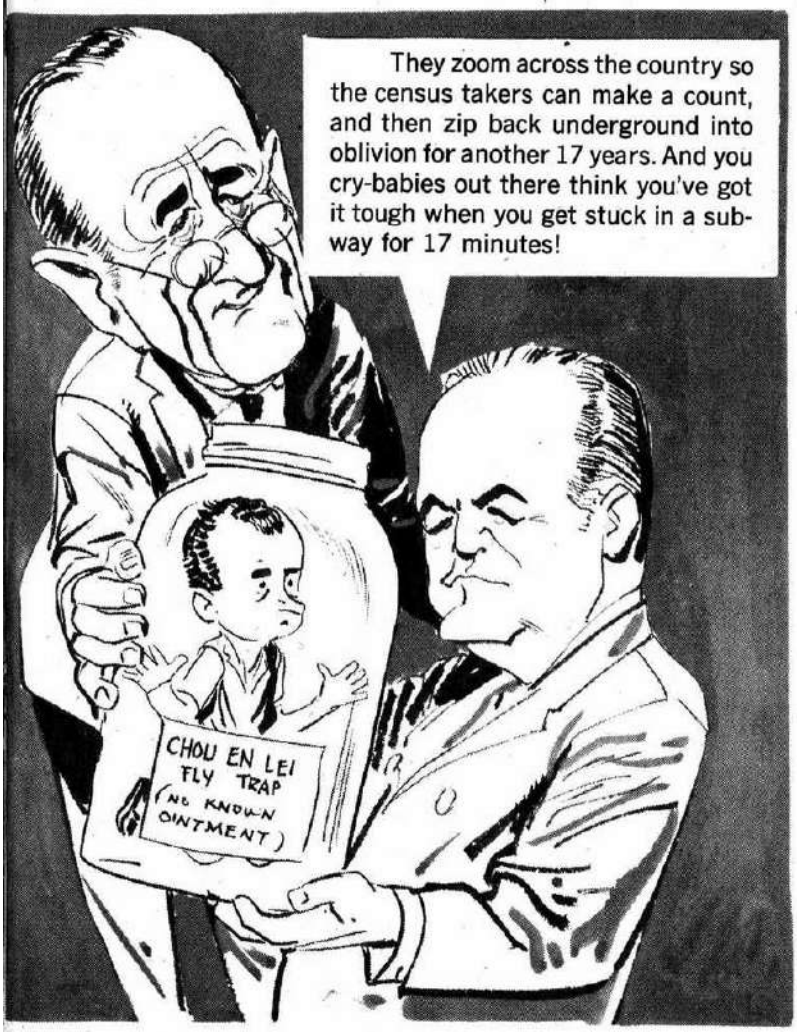

Talk about population boom. A queen bee can lay 20,000 eggs, knock off at noon for a sandwich and a bottle of pop, and then hatch another 20,000 eggs before punching the time clock and going home.
After a few brief formalities, such as signing the birth certificates and having his fingerprints taken, a 20-minute-old fly immediately finds himself responsible for feeding 35,000 mouths. Little mouths to be sure, but mouths nevertheless. Is it any wonder alcoholism has become a serious problem among houseflies?

And let me tell you about the insect population problem. These buggers grow fast. A common housefly becomes a parent when he is 20 minutes old and if that isn't shocking news I don't know what is.
One of the most interesting insects is the Dragon Fly. Interesting at least to other insects. The Dragon Fly begins life under water as a common insect.
I only know three humans who can make that statement, all of them free-style champions—not in swimming.
But back to the Dragon Fly. After three weeks as an insect, he suddenly becomes a beetle, to the surprise of practically no one. But it is an emotional upheaval, resulting in a change of voice, nervous tics and severe psychological traumas, including, very often, Dragon Fly Deliriums.
Now what about beetles? I'm talking about good beetles. Bad beetles are frozen stiff, covered with chocolate and sold as delicacies to East Side suckers in New York gourmet shops. One woman bought a batch of these beetles which hadn't been completely frozen. Was she surprised when her dessert walked away! Her face really fell, folks, but fortunately it didn't have far to go.

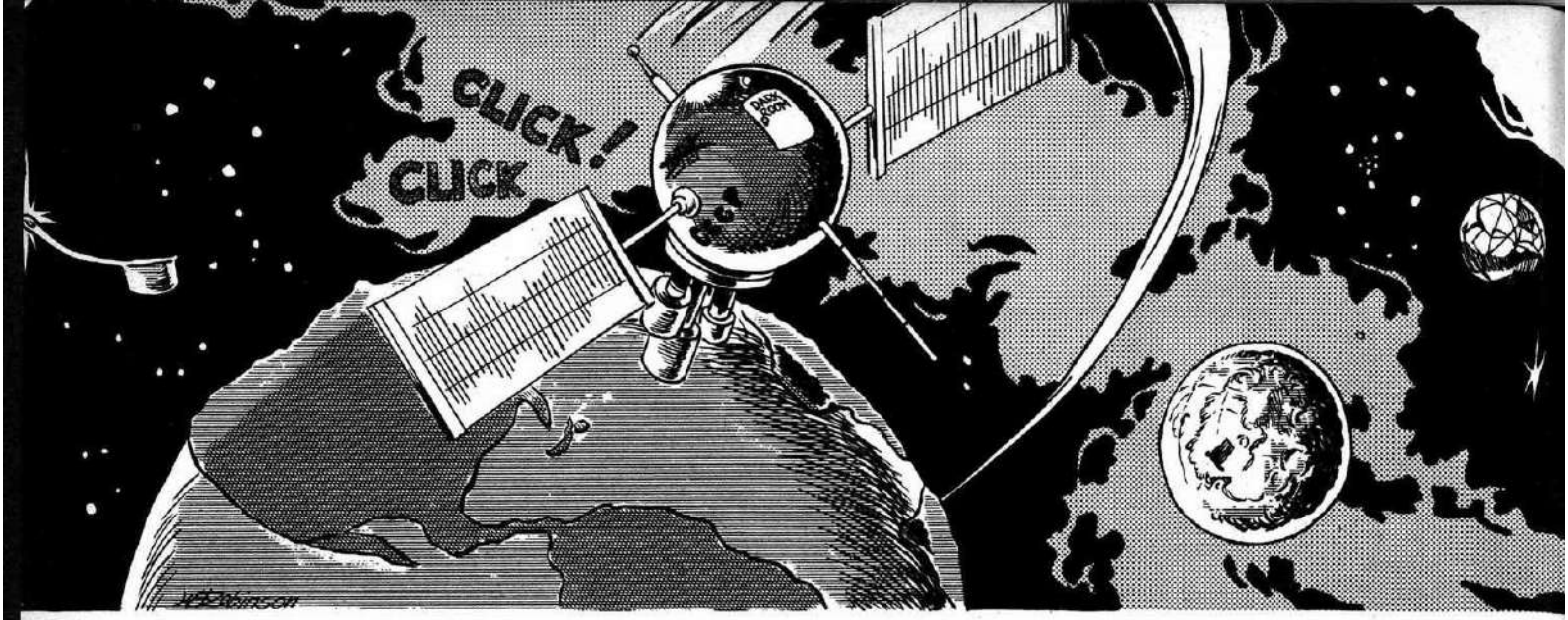
But back to the Dragon Fly who must pass exhaustive tests if he is to receive his wings. Finally, at impressive ceremonies attended by his mother and childhood buddies, he is given his commission as a Dragon Fly, second-grade.
Just how far up the ladder he goes is up to him. I think that's true of all of us, especially firemen. Speaking of firemen, I know one who came home and found his wife smoking and he put her out with a blanket. His case comes up Thursday.
But if you think that's silly, what about the May-Fly? I said what about the May-Fly! He lives only one hour—one hour, mind you—but in those 60 minutes that nutty May-Fly really lives it up!
A May-Fly drinks, carouses, goes to marathon dances, stock car races, parties, lives it up until he dies, exhausted and shrivelled up at the age of 60 minutes. I think that the May-Fly has a lesson to teach us all. Know what I mean, boys and girls?


But enough of that. Have you folks ever heard about another fine old insect called the cicada, from the song, "Cicada, Cicada, That Toddlin' Town," starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche. The cicada is the happiest, best-adjusted insect you ever saw—the male cicada that is. And do you know why he is so well-adjusted? Because his wife can't talk. Not a word. These cicadas stay underground for 17 years and then they pop out of the ground, all dressed up in their Sunday best.


While I'm standing up here—an outstanding achievement considering the bugs I had to work out of my system via the alcohol study route last night, I want to show you some real beautiful insects so you'll be able to identify them in the event you're crawling home late some night. Now where did I put them... had them here a minute ago...


They zoom across the country so the census takers can make a count, and then zip back underground into oblivion for another 17 years. And you cry-babies out there think you've got it tough when you get stuck in a subway for 17 minutes!
CHOU EN LEI FLY TRAP (NO KNOWN OINTMENT)

NOW I'd like to talk to you about the hully-gully...



Rock Hudson, laboring under the weight of his heavy eyelashes, takes an atomic submarine under the Arctic ice cap to recover films of our secret missile bases photographed by a downed Russian Sputnik. This really shakes the Navy up, as Rock is in the Air Corps! The movie consists mostly of miles and miles of ice, which is a big drag, unless your theatre air-conditioning system breaks down. Yet, it has something for everyone—tedium, boredom, yawns, and a chance to catch up on your sleep. Nevertheless, this is definitely a picture with a message—"Don't go!"

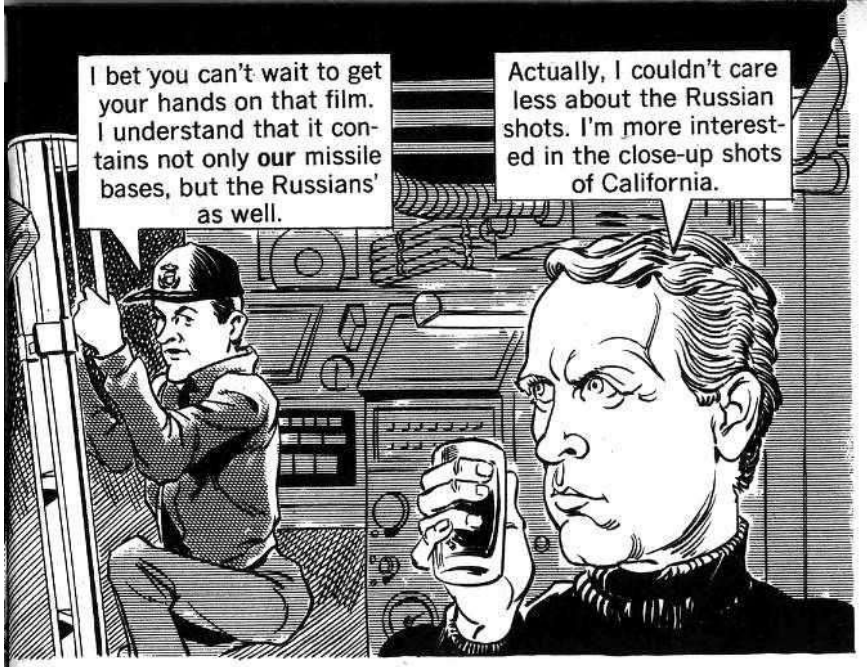
ICE STATION ZEROX

Art by Bill Robinson
Script by Fred Wolfe

(This epic of the Far North has been rated SS—No one admitted unless accompanied by two performing seals.)

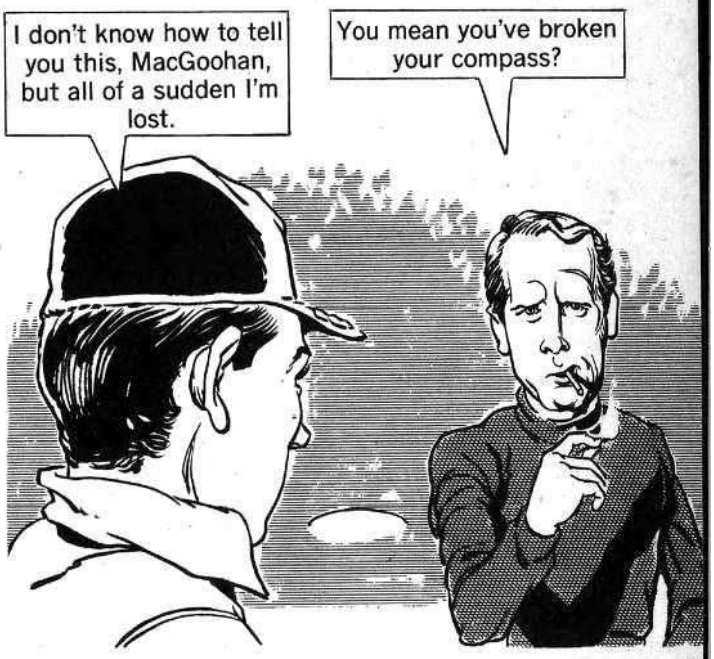
Travelling at flank speed the atomic sub is racing to beat the Russians to Ice Station Xerox, a top-secret communications shack at the North Pole—and former Howard Johnson stand. Patrick MacGoohan, a British agent in charge of the case—a case of Scotch, has just opened his sealed order and informs Captain Rock Hudson...

HOW COME WE'RE AT THE NORTH POLE, POP?
THAT'S SHOW-BIZ!
Hmmm, I'm afraid these sealed orders are a bit sticky.
Sticky? Oh, I get it, that's British for a tough assignment.
No, I **really** mean sticky. Those orders were sealed in chicken fat!

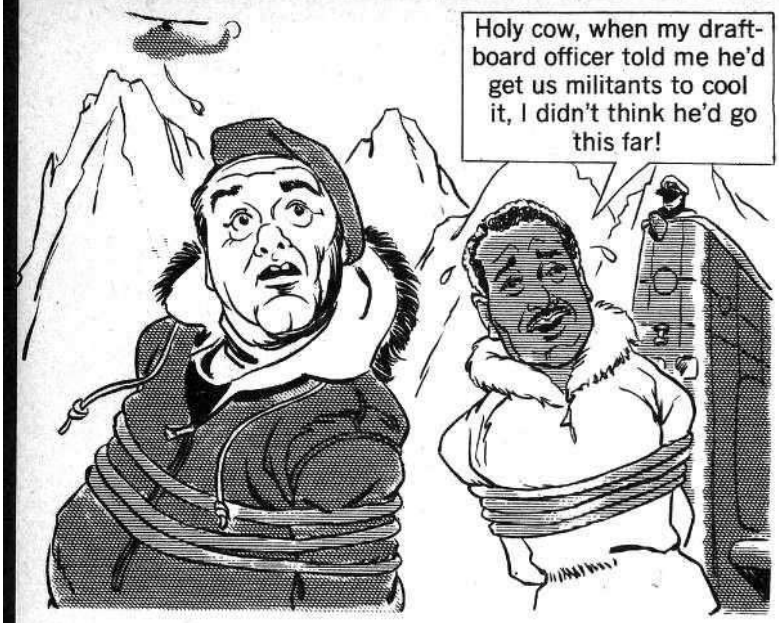

I bet you can't wait to get your hands on that film. I understand that it contains not only **our** missile bases, but the Russians' as well.
Actually, I couldn't care less about the Russian shots. I'm more interested in the close-up shots of California.

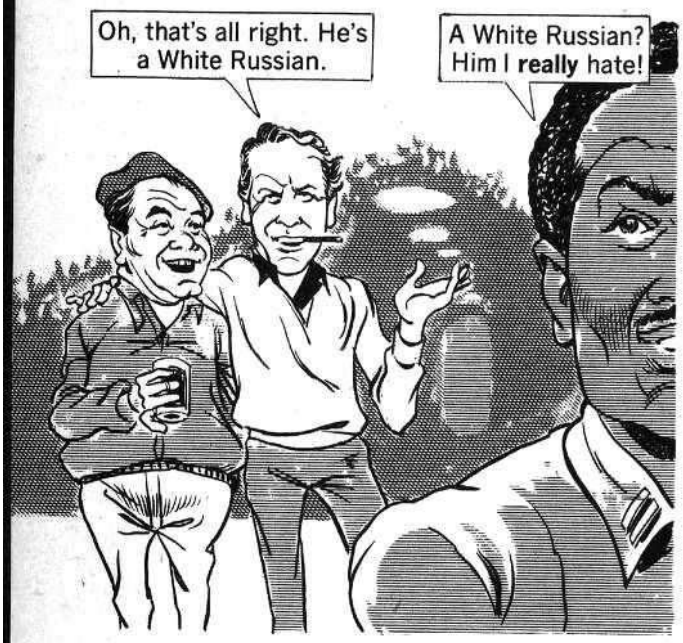
California?
Yes, what I really can't wait to see are those nude sun-bathing photos of Raquel Welch! By the way, I see we're making excellent speed. How does this ship run?

We have atomic piles.
That's a pity, captain. Perhaps you can get it operated on when we reach land.
SECRET AGENTS ROOM
ATOMIC GOMER PYLE

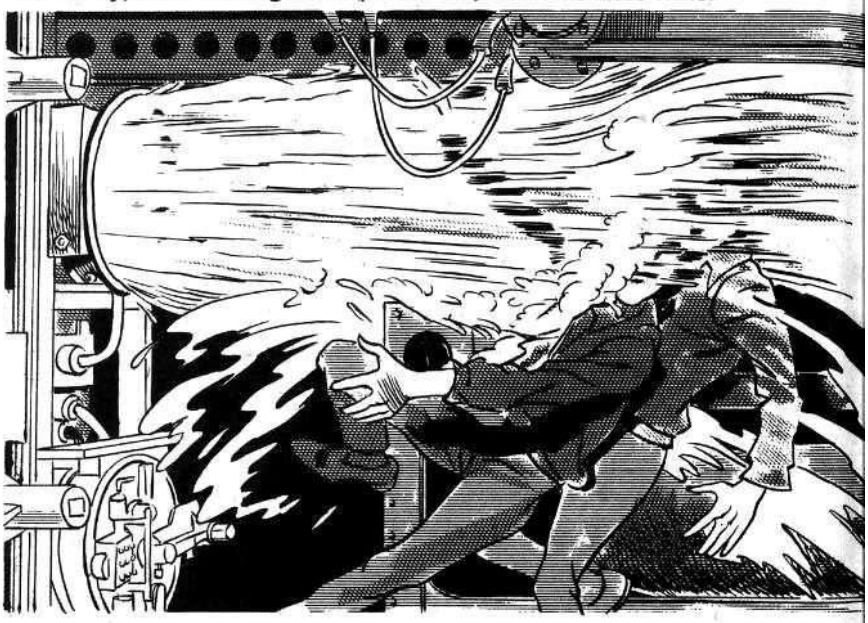


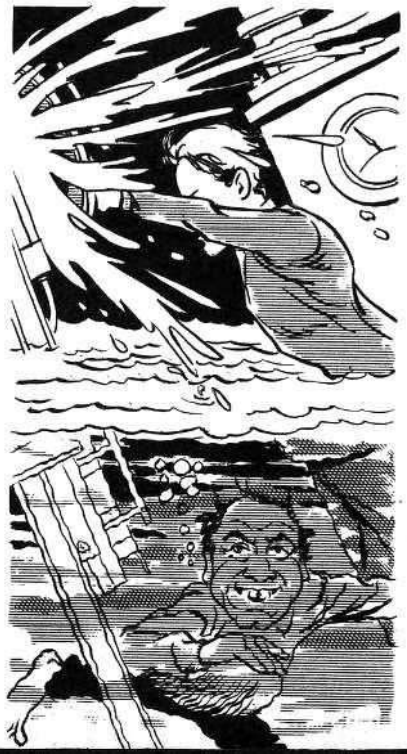
A helicopter suddenly appears, dropping two "volunteers" for this mission—they are firmly trussed up from head to foot!

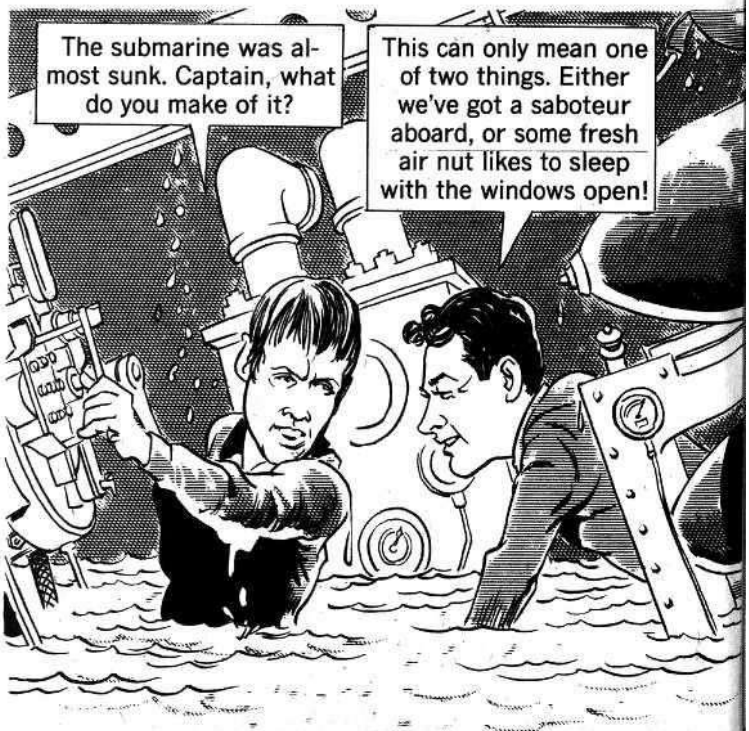




Suddenly, while making a dive, the sub takes on excess water






The submarine was almost sunk. Captain, what do you make of it?
This can only mean one of two things. Either we've got a saboteur aboard, or some fresh air nut likes to sleep with the windows open!

Time is running out. How long before we reach Ice Station Xerox?
I hope we get there soon! My crew is starting to crack up.
Captain, look! I think that chick in the fur coat is giving me the eye!
Lieutenant, you've been on this cruise too long—that's a polar bear.
CHE SERA SERA
I don't care what her religion is—let me at her!
Poor chap, outside of the crew at Ice Station Xerox, there isn't another human being around for thousands of miles.
Oh, really? What do you call that?
You can be sure...
Holy cow, that Betty Furness never gives up! Well, we're almost to Ice Station Xerox, but first we've got to go under the ice cap.
I'll drink to that!
No sailor, I said ice cap—not night cap!
Cola
MARTINI

How did he get aboard?
MARTIN
All right, crew, we're going to dive under the ice. And with my expert seamanship, when we come up, we should be right under Ice Station Xerox at the heart of the North Pole.
SPY
Hmm, we're slightly off course. I guess I'll have to make a minor alteration.
FLORIDA
TAKE HER DOWN!
YOU COULD HAVE WAITED 'TILL I GOT BELOW!
There, we should be at the spot now. Lieutenant, take one of our missiles and blast a hole through the ice. We're going up!
I'm sorry, sir, but Seaman Martin drank the torpedo juice!
I was afraid of that. Very well, Lieutenant, aim the sub straight at the ice. We're breaking through!

But, captain, you may bust the sub!
That's the Navy's worry. I only enlisted for the duration of this picture!
Hmm, I hope that film hasn't gone down the drain.
He's got the film!
So, you're the spy, my best friend, Martyshevsky.
H-BOMB
DISTRUCT BUTTON
I thought you were a White Russian, on our side.
I hate to disappoint you, but I'm not a Russian and the name is **Marty**.
You see, I could never make out with the chicks, 'cause I never had a dime. All the time it was: '**Marty, what are you doing tonight?**'— Nowheresville!
So, I went over to the Kremlin, and now with the loot I'm getting for these pictures, **I know** what I'm doing tonight!
Sorry, Marty, but this Picture ends with a **Bang!**

At last, students, a new, safe, easy way to play hookey from school. Enroll today in the CELEBRITY EXCUSE SERVICE.

Just think. Now you can miss school any day in the week without punishment. Simply turn in a written excuse signed by a celebrity!

What teacher would dare chastise you if she knew you had spent the previous day with world-famous movie stars, athletes or political leaders? Not one. You're completely safe.

The plan is ridiculously simple. Instead of collecting useless autograph pads, you simply have a well-known personality sign one of these celebrity excuses.

Here are a few samples:

Celebrity Excuse Service

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse_____from school today as he is practicing with the New York Jets. I hurt my ankle so he impersonated me on the playing field performing all my activities all day long. Later I hurt my hip so he impersonated me again, performing all my off-field activities all night long.

Sincerely,

_____

Joe Namath

Dear Teacher:

I hope you will excuse_____from gym, horticulture and all other excitable, strenuous classes today. He was with me all day yesterday and stubbed his toe while tip-toeing through the tulips with me.

Your friend for
bigger and better tulips

_____

Tiny Tim

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse _____ from school yesterday because it was a long story which involved a lot of experimenting and shuffling about which is why baseball is the game it is, a man's game, and that's who plays it the best although that young lady over there doesn't do a bad job playing short field and can go to her right even though she doesn't know what to do when she gets there, but that's okay with me because she has that old hustle and when you got hustle I say that's half the game and if I ever get back to the game she's the type fielder I want scooping 'em up and making that long throw across the infield for me.

_____

Casey Stengel

Dear Pedagogue:

I hope you will pardon_____ for not being in class this week as we are taking a "trip" together. Hope you don't get the wrong idea.

Best . . .

Col. Frank Borman

Dear Teacher:

You will excuse_____ from school today. That's an order. He will be in Washington with me. As you know I am No. 1 man in the nation's capital right now and_____ will help me put my two assistants Richard N. and Spiro A. through their calisthenics and play drills.

Signed:

Vince Lombardi

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse_____from school yesterday as he helped me in the filming of a motion picture. He was very helpful to me particularly during the bath scene. He was all over the place helping out all day long and didn't even drop one towel.

Jane Fonda

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse_____ and _____from school as they are working with us on a musical extravaganza. They will do the posing for our next album cover.

Yours . . .

Mr. and Mrs. John Lennon

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse . . . what's his name . . . er . . . you know . . . well, whatever . . . I can't remember names . . . anyhow please excuse him from school as it is a Greek national holiday -- Melina Mercouri's birthday.

Your pal,

Spiro Agnew
(I said Spiro Agnew. S-P-I-R-O)

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse _____ from school yesterday. We had a little gig and we were really blowing up a storm, man, and before you know it we were GONE!

HERB ALPERT

Dear Teacher:

Please excuse _____ from school yesterday. We were talking together when suddenly we heard some rumblings outside and so we fled quickly to safety.

The Czechoslovakian Cabinet

Dear Teacher:

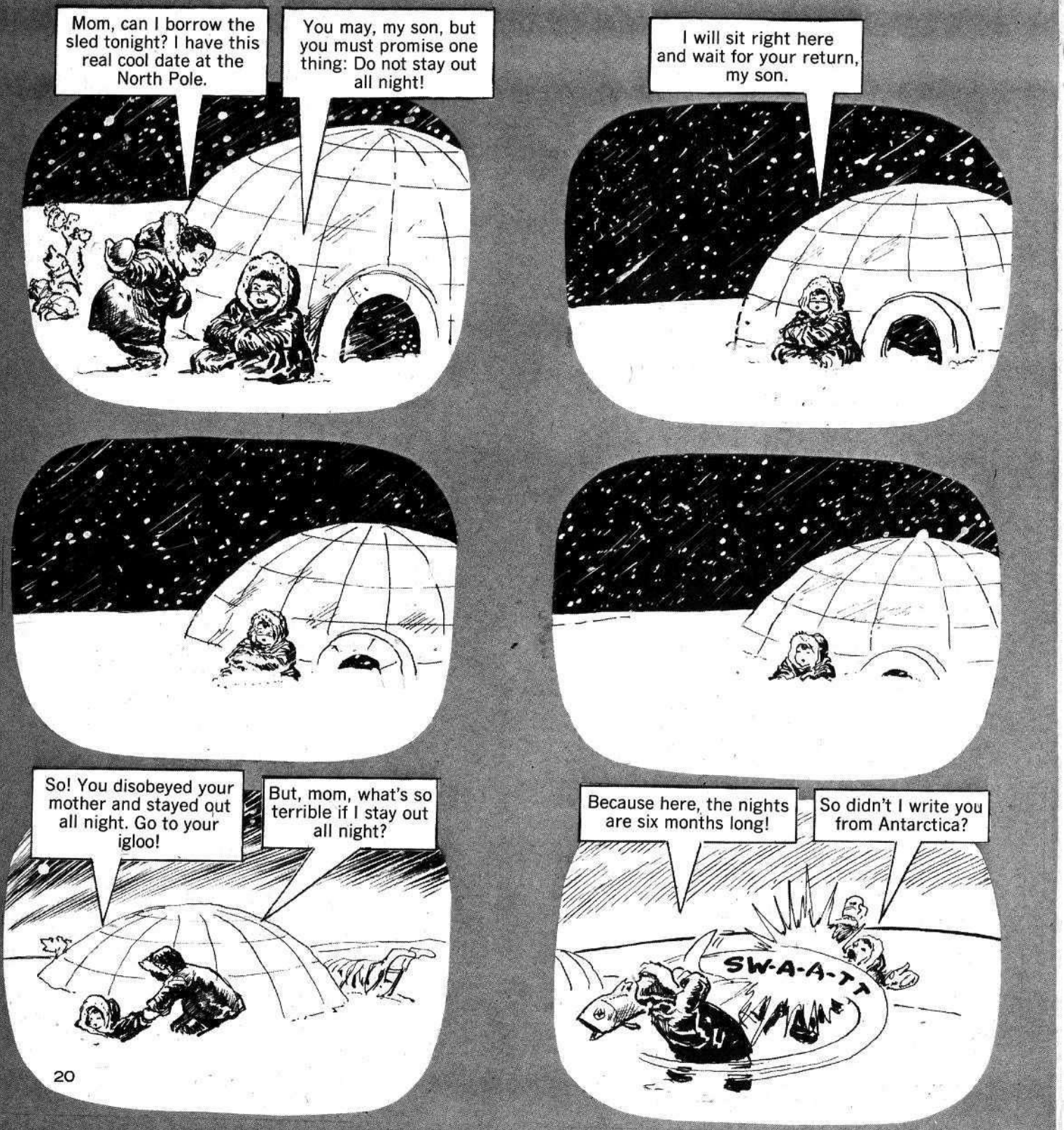
I hope you will excuse _____ from school tomorrow mainly because we got something big planned and if things go well, there won't be any school left by tomorrow.

Jerry Bubin
YIPPIE Emeritus

The biggest breakthrough in television has been Julia, the first negro family ever presented in a real-life situation series. Because of its success, we figure that other minority groups will soon

IF OTHER MINORITY GROUPS

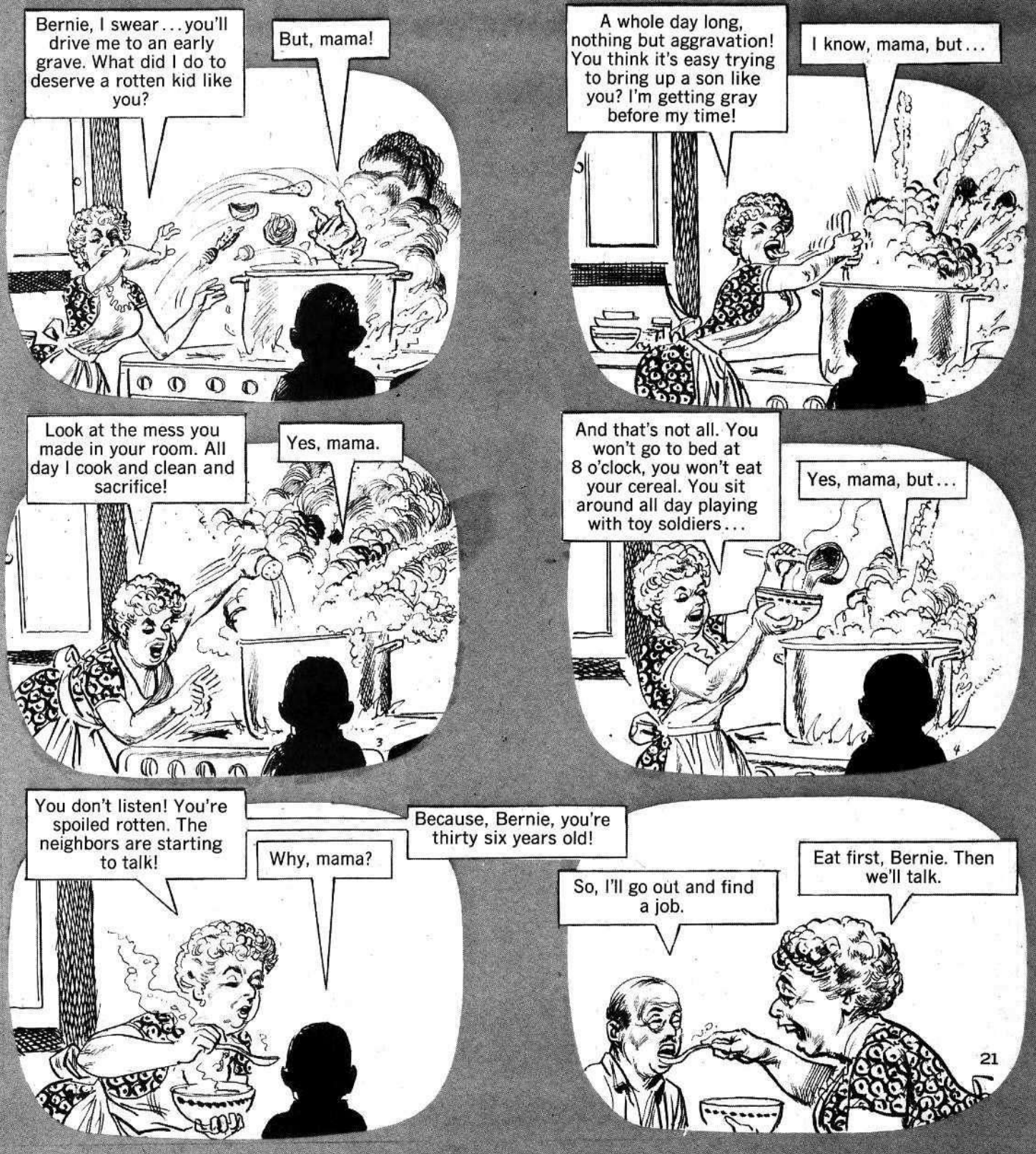
THE ESKIMO FAMILY SHOW


Mom, can I borrow the sled tonight? I have this real cool date at the North Pole.
You may, my son, but you must promise one thing: Do not stay out all night!
I will sit right here and wait for your return, my son.
So! You disobeyed your mother and stayed out all night. Go to your igloo!
But, mom, what's so terrible if I stay out all night?
Because here, the nights are six months long!
So didn't I write you from Antarctica?
SW-A-A-TT

be represented on weekly tv. And they'll all copy the Julia type format—namely, the adventures of a widow and her child. So here's how it might look—

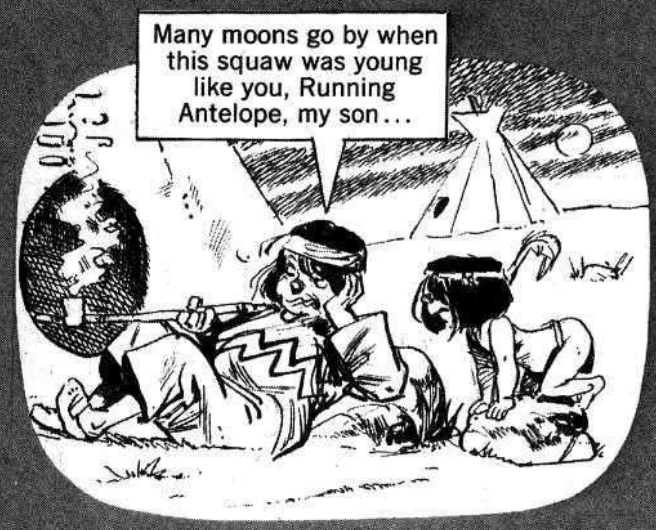
HAD TV SERIES LIKE JULIA

THE JEWISH FAMILY SHOW

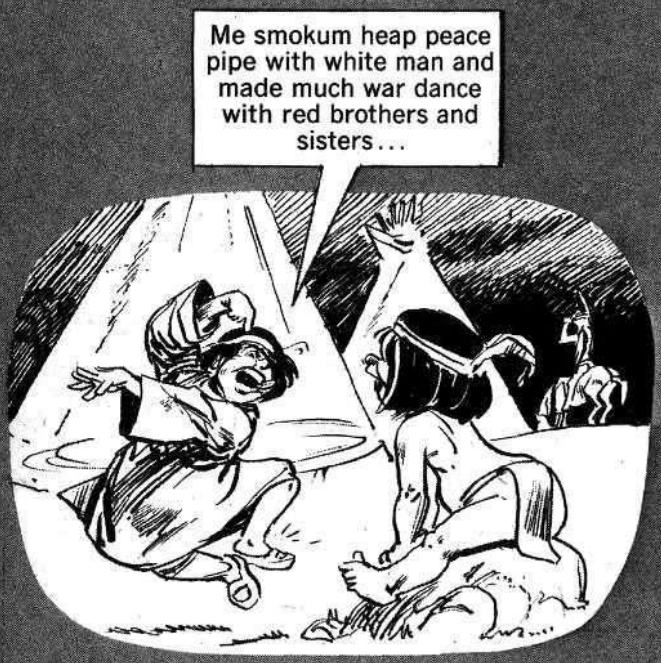

Bernie, I swear... you'll drive me to an early grave. What did I do to deserve a rotten kid like you?
But, mama!
A whole day long, nothing but aggravation! You think it's easy trying to bring up a son like you? I'm getting gray before my time!
I know, mama, but...
Look at the mess you made in your room. All day I cook and clean and sacrifice!
Yes, mama.
And that's not all. You won't go to bed at 8 o'clock, you won't eat your cereal. You sit around all day playing with toy soldiers...
Yes, mama, but...
You don't listen! You're spoiled rotten. The neighbors are starting to talk!
Why, mama?
Because, Bernie, you're thirty six years old!
So, I'll go out and find a job.
Eat first, Bernie. Then we'll talk.

Mom!... Oh, mom! I gotta tell you something!
Silence, honorable son. Do not raise voice in humble household of your ancestors!
But, mom, this I gotta tell you!
All in due time, honorable son. Children must learn patience. Honorable son must continue ancient traditions of honorable parents.
Later, mom, but right now...
First, take off honorable shoes. Then we sip honorable tea. Then you tell honorable mother what is on honorable mind.
The tea is so hot...
There... it is finished! Now, honorable son, tell honorable mother what is so important.
What I wanted to tell you was—
Honorable house is on fire!!
Why you not say so, honorable clod!!
Get out of honorable way!!

Hello, Mrs. Perez. I'm Kate, the babysitter from the agency.
Si, si. I get the kids.
This is Pedro... and this is Maria...
...And this is Jose...
...And here is Juanita, Pepita, Margarita and Lolita...
Manuelo, Consuela, Alberto, Chiquita, Ernesto, Franscesca, Pietro,Catarina, Victorio, Rosita and Irving!
He's from an early marriage.
How do you manage with them in one room?
That's just my side... Now meet my new husband's children.
This woman's gotta win an Emmy!


Many moons go by when this squaw was young like you, Running Antelope, my son...

West was big then, and Buffalo much and me spendum many winter and summer on plain...


Me smokum heap peace pipe with white man and made much war dance with red brothers and sisters...

And in those many moons, learn many things. And now wise old mother wishes to give this wisdom to son.

I have talked with many spirits from beyond the mountain and there is one thing I have learned which is more important than any other thing. Do you know what that is, my son?

Yeah, baby... cool it on the reservation, and, like the fuzz won't tap you out!
Running Antelope smart son. Him tell it like it is!

1969 What Kind of Year?

People from all runs of life (it used to be walks, but our present tempo of living is so fast these days it has been changed to runs) are asking each other: *"1969—what kind of year was it?"*

At least that's what the people in the runs of life *we* know keep asking. Of course, these people wear funny vests and diamond necklaces.

But the question of 1969 funnelled down to the editors of Sick and so we asked some celebrities what kind of a year it was.

Dean Martin: "I don't know, I missed most of it."

Tiny Tim: "Perfect. Just right for tip-toeing through the lovely fields of tulips. I mean two-lips. I'm in love."

Spiro Agnew: "Very memorable. Though I forgot why."

Rather than accept these comments as gospel, our research staff went over some of the highlights and found that this was the kind of year 1969 was:

1969 was a year which saw an increase of topless weddings. So many, in fact, that very often *the police* had to give the bride away.

It was a year in which the meeting of the New Hampshire Weight Watchers Club was cancelled because the president couldn't fit through the door.

It was a year that seven angry Playboy Bunnies, fired from their jobs, burned their bras on Hugh Hefner's front lawn. It took 34 firemen six hours to extinguish the flames.

It was a year in which good fellowship abounded. During a winter snowstorm in New York, three elderly gentlemen, perfect strangers, met on the corner of Sixth Avenue and 45th Street, and banded together to beat the heck out of a teen-ager.

It was a year that psychiatrists said Motorcycle Club members are latent sissies. Silly, it seems. Just because a couple of them ride motorcycles side-saddle...

It was a year in which New York's Mayor Lindsay denounced candidates favoring law and order. However, it was difficult to hear Lindsay's muffled voice as he spoke from among his personal bodyguard phalanx of 19 giant Tactical Policemen.

It was a year in which a painted turtle was found in Coney Island with the inscription: *"Help! I'm trapped in the tunnel of love with the U.S. Olympic Swimming Team."*

It was a year in which the Census Bureau asked personal questions like *"How many people share your bathroom?"* People scoffed, but the question could be important. Who knows what the Birch Society may be using for headquarters these days?

It was a year in which Detroit produced 7 million cars and recalled 9 million.

It was a year in which 8,000 cars were abandoned in New York City alone. And 6,000 drivers were still in them.

It was a year which saw the death of Ho Chi Minh and Senator Fulbright wore his jockey shorts at half mast.

All in all, it was a ..... year.
(fill in the blank yourself)

1969 What Kind of Year?

SDS Conv

When the Students for a Democratic Society held its annual convention in Chicago, representatives of the press infiltrated the meetings against the wishes of the group. Sitting there quietly, drinking it all in—wine and beer was prohibited—was a writer for Sick Magazine. Here is his report on the inner workings of the SDS convention.

The members showed up in a peaceful mood, but that soon turned to morose anger when it was learned that not one of Mayor Daley's police would be there to hit them with clubs. So they began pummeling each other so they would have some lumps and bruises to show their friends back home.

SDS regulars found, much to their surprise, that they had become "Establishment" in the eyes of a group called *Progressive Labor Party*. You can tell the difference in their dress. *SDS* regulars had long hair parted halfway down the back; dirty shirt, leather boots and Army canteens. You can pick them out when you see them. If you can't see them, you have to wait until the wind changes.

PLP irregulars wore short hair, shirts open at the throat, cutaway loafers and tight pants. The girls wore short shirts, curaway pants, tight loafers and hair opened at the throat.

It was an ideological battle from the beginning. To save time, members began to curse each other in two-letter obscenities, thus cutting the meeting time in half.

SDS chieftain, Leander Stanley Drudge Jr., known as LSD Jr., opened the meeting by singing *"We're Teen and Keen, They're 30 and Dirty."*

Drudge opened by presenting the annual *SDS Dirty Kumquat Award* to Martin Crudd for poisoning the drinking water of New York City simply by taking a bath in the Croton Reservoir.

Then Drudge listed the *SDS* complaints and charges:

He charged Dean Fester of Marinated University with driving a Volkswagen in a neo-rightest manner.

He charged the entire 50-and-over generation with being responsible for the death of President McKinley.

ention

Art by Don Orehek
Script by Bill Majeski

He accused Dean Guthel of Trembler College of dying before the students finished beating him up, thereby taking away initiative and energy of the "now" generation.

Roused to a peak of anger, they lit bonfires and chanted slogans like: *"You like your stomach, we like our pot."*

"If you don't succumb we will destroy you without a trace—peacefully."

"If you do succumb, we may leave a trace."

One of the bonfires got out of hand and a student's beard was set afire. However, she was rescued in time. A student *SDS* member saved her by applying beard-to-beard rescusitation.

The *PLP*, tired of being ignored, took the podium—and burned it.

Archduchess Linda Creel said the *PLP* had plans to break away from the group because they wanted to infiltrate labor, cause turmoil in all cities beginning with the letter G, and storm the gates of the Planned Parenthood Association and demand reparations for depriving them of many potential members.

Restlessness mounted and suddenly fighting broke out. 300 kids milled around, shouting, yelling, swinging wildly. Someone almost got hit once.

Only casualty occurred when a plainclothes policeman, a veteran of the convention last year, accidently ran his wheelchair over the long locks of a member and nearly tore his head off.

Order finally was restored when the *SDS* members got winded. Then Drudge read off the goals and demands of the *SDS* for the upcoming season:

* All schools to have courses in flagellation.
* A day off for students on Benedict Arnold's birthday.
* The right to hurl bags of sheep-dip at school authorities without reprisal.
* The right to make obscene phone calls to families of overseas veterans.

As a concluding highlight, Drudge raffled off a cigar box containing the backbones of 77 college Presidents.

SDS will convene again next year, unless it rains.

Folk singer Pete Seegar and his group cruised the Hudson making concert appearances on his boat to protest pollution of New York area rivers...

No one knows now whether the rivers were more polluted before or after the concerts.

We're only teasing, Pete. Keep up the good work on the Hudson River with the Hudson River Sloop. Keep on singing it like it is. "This land is your land, this land is my land ... This land belongs to you and me."

Art by Stan Fine

Recent investigations have shown that organized crime is infiltrating restaurants and nightclubs in New York.

One man reported that this may be true. He went into a restaurant and the chef cracked open an egg with the butt of a gun.

In 1969, the average American men, women and children drank an average of three quarts of whiskey.

NEW YORK'S SENIOR CITIZENS ARE NOW ALLOWED TO RIDE ON ALL CITY BUSSES AND SUBWAYS AT HALF-FARE

The National Association of Muggers have protested. They want to have the same half-price privileges so they can stay near their victims and earn a decent living.

CHICAGO-

A MAN WAS FOUND TO HAVE BEEN LIVING IN A 6 BY 10-FOOT MANHOLE IN THIS CITY FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS

It was reported that when the Mayor of New York heard about this, he immediately assigned Con Edison to drill a few new apartments to ease the city's housing shortage.

The city will soon have a housing development in East 84th Street, featuring luxury manholes with fall-in living room and hot and cold running rats.

Woodstock Waltz Festival

Script by Bill Majeski Art by Don Orehek

Recently 300,000 young people dressed in beads, boots, banbles and berets invaded a small community in upstate New York called White Lake for the biggest outdoor rock concert in history. This pubescent pilgrimage received fantastic publicity. But another, equally big moving groove went practically unnoticed by the press. Fortunately, this publication had a correspondent on the scene to cover the Great Parental Push to Paradise Regained, which is another small community in upstate New York.

PARADISE REGAINED, N.Y.:

Hundreds of thousands of middle-aged waltz lovers and fox-trot fanciers came from all over the country to this sleepy community to dance, whistle and hum the weekend away, inspiring the largest traffic jam in history.

Cars were backed bumper-to-bumper and people hip-to-jowl as the myriad of nomads wended their merry way past the open-mouthed residents of hippie communes here en route to a three-day concert featuring their heroes—Lawrence Welk; the Friendly Sons of Harry Horlick's A&P Gypsies; the Remnants, a well-known soft waltz group; the Ten Tango Terrorists, the Cheerful Climacteric and Enoch Light's Swingeroos.

Some parents and even grandparents left their Hupomobiles and Graham-Paige touring cars on the clogged highways and hiked the remaining few miles to catch the music emanating from a portable bandstand set up in the middle of a cow pasture.

Police who feared riots when the staid middle-agers crossed paths with the commune residents, said, "these people were the most peaceful parents I've ever seen. They're beautiful people."

MONEY

One leader in the hippie commune named Hippie Commune grumbled: "Okay, these goats have to have their fling, but one thing—where do they get the money for the trip? Do you know how much it costs to pay those highway tolls and stuff to get here?"

A number of the travelers who came from as far away as California were asked about this.

Said a 53-year-old plumber from Sheboygan: "I've been putting this aside for a rainy day. A dollar here, a dollar there. Of course, my kids didn't know about it. If they did, they would have taken it away from me."

A 48-year-old teacher explained: "I dig the sounds—the waltz, Carioca, Big Apple. It grooves me. My kids don't dig and so they didn't want me to go—no one was home to feed them their rice and stuff. My husband is here somewhere. We left by different windows so the kids couldn't follow us."

FOOD AND FACILITIES

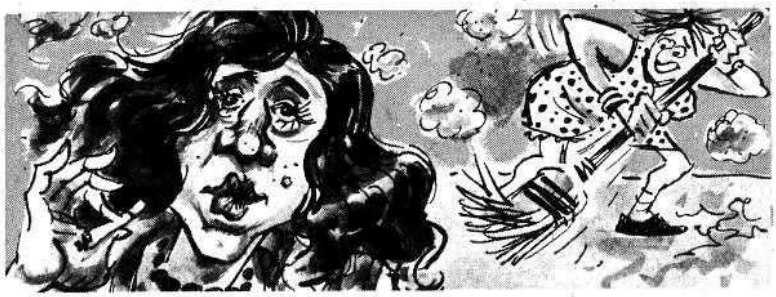
There was some grumbling by the oldsters when it was discovered that food and drinking water were in short supply. To combat this, the middle-agers began sipping hard cider and taking nips from an occasional half-pint of bourbon.

As for food, some of the hippie residents generously offered some organic health food made of rice, walnuts, tapioca, ground mash and Pablum to the tourists. However, several people became sick from overdoses of these health foods.

Drugs were nowhere to be seen, although some of the hippies gave a free supply of marijuana, hashish and LSD to the throng. One oldster misunderstood the hashish bit and was found by authorities sitting cross-legged in a home-made tent smoking a plate of hash. He said he "don't dig it," later at the hospital.

THE KIDS' REACTION BACK HOME

"I just wish they'd never gone," moaned distraught teen-ager Helga Goforth. "They've been so cranky and uptight lately. One of them even wanted to know where I went last weekend. It was like a bolt from the blue. Imagine. I knew they were close to the breaking point, but I never figured this."



Marsha Shtenk reported: "When they first came to me for permission I almost dropped my marijuana stick. I told them of course not. Who did they think would stay home and take care of the house? But they showed me they could get the work done quickly and said they had saved their own money so I gave them the go-ahead."

Said Leona Warburton: "I'll be glad when the whole darn thing is over and this household gets back to normal. Anyhow, they're both 48 years old. If they can't take care of themselves now, they'll never be able to."

SLEEPING SETUPS

Most of the grown-ups remained fully clothed even while sleeping in their makeshift bedrooms under tents, in sleeping bags and other hastily set up sleeping quarters. One group of fourteen young men slept under the protective confines of a fat lady's nightgown spread like a circus tent to protect them from the rain.

Others dozed off for catnaps in the trunks of their cars, on the banks of the Waback Stream which flows through the hilly area and on the backsides of sleeping cows.

Three other gray-haired types, wearing Phi Beta Kappa chains, strung their belt buckles together and slept standing up. Yoga-style.

INJURIES

Numerous freak injuries were reported by authorities. One fellow got his beard caught in the spokes of his wheel chair when he raced to get up front for a better view of the performers. He rolled over, wheelchair over tea kettle, down the mountainside and hasn't been seen since.

Twenty-three elderly visitors were rushed to a makeshift hospital in a makeshift helicopter and were treated for "adverse reactions to Geritol."

Three emergency tonsillectomies were performed with makeshift instruments, while an advanced case of galloping ringworm was reported.

Two persons were hurt seriously when a 500-pound bus conductor from Los Angeles rolled over in his sleep, landing on them. They were taken to a nearby gas station, filled with air and are now reported in fair condition.

NEXT YEAR?

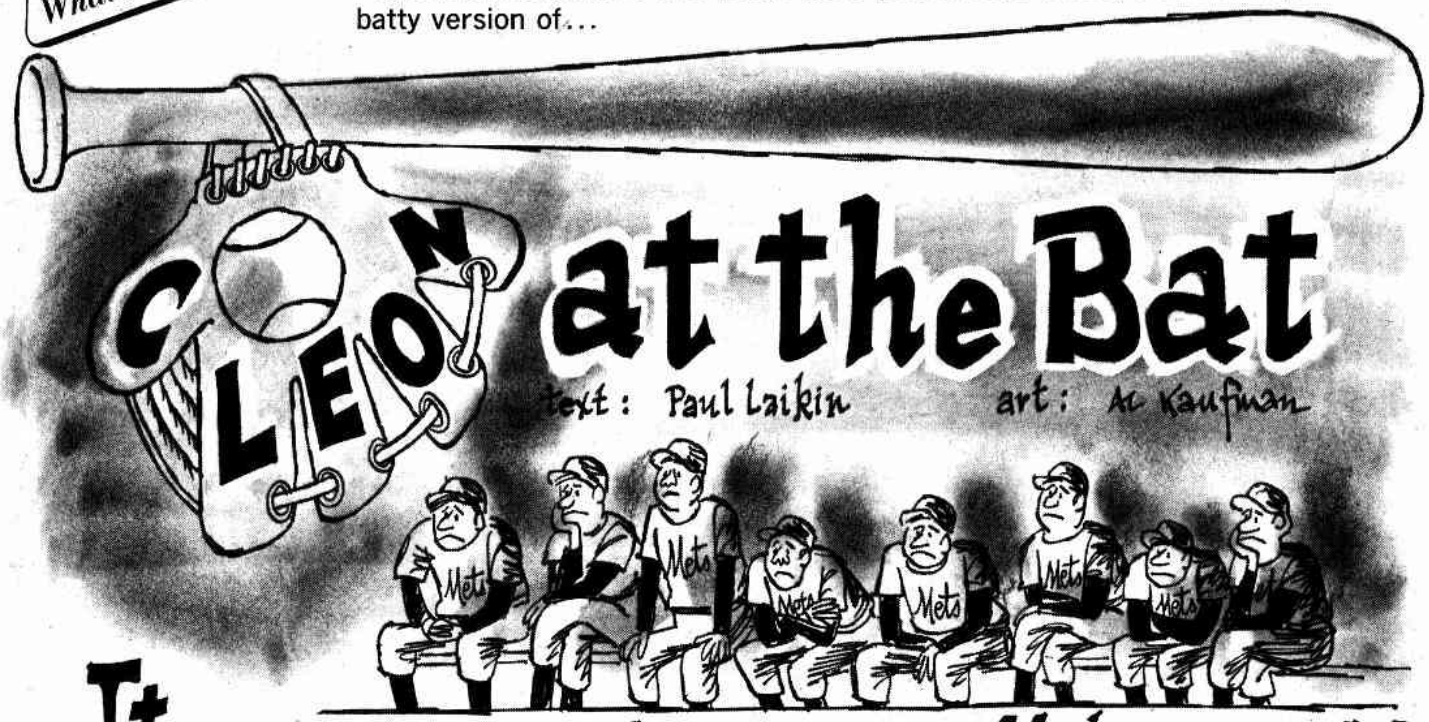
"I'll be back," said 78-year-old Angela Sensor from Pawtucket, R.I. "They don't play this kind of music anymore. And if they did, my grand-children wouldn't let me play it around the house. I'm saving up though for a motorized wheelchair with pontoons."

"I'm not going home," said one sobbing 43-year-old father of five. He had partaken a bit too freely of the cider and was experiencing his reaction. "I'm staying here until next year. I'll sleep out in the open and sell electric Indian blankets to stay alive. Don't tell my kids where I am. If they want me, let them come get me. I'm sick and tired of taking orders. I want freedom."

The other parents, a bit envious, looked on silently as they packed their scant belongings and headed back to the dreary world of parental reality.

1969 *What Kind of Year?*

The most incredible feat in all sports history has to be the rise of the New York Mets from the bottom of the baseball barrel to the top as the World Series champions. Nor has any team ever generated as much excitement. Surely a team that inspires so much copy inspires a little poetry also. And so, writer Paul Laikin has turned to writer Ernest Thayer — borrowing his classic poem "Casey At The Bat" —and has modernized it to fit the Mets' powerhouse hitter, Cleon Jones, in this batty version of...



CLEON at the Bat

text: Paul Laikin art: Al Kaufman

It LOOKED EXTREMELY ROCKY FOR THE NEW YORK Mets THAT DAY;
THE SCORE WAS 2 TO 0 WITH ONE INNING LEFT TO PLAY,
SO WHEN SWOBODA POPPED TO RIGHT AND KRANEPOOL DID THE SAME,
A NAUSEOUS FEELING CAME UPON THE FANS WHO WATCHED THE GAME.

A NERVOUS FEW GOT UP TO GO, LEAVING THERE THE REST,
WITH THE HOPE THAT SPRINGS ETERNAL IN A TRUE-BLUE Mets FAN'S BREAST,
FOR THEY FIGURED "IF OL' CLEON COULD GET ONE WHACK AT THAT,"
THEY WOULD PUT UP EVEN MONEY NOW WITH CLEON AT THE BAT.

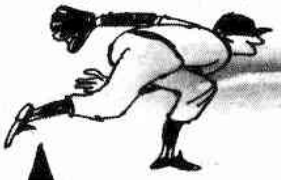
BUT AGEE PRECEDED CLEON AND SO DID JERRY GROTE,
AND THE FORMER WASN'T HITTING AND THE LATTER MISSED THE BOAT,
SO ON THE SADDENED BLEACHER SEATS AN EERIE SILENCE SAT,
FOR THERE SEEMED BUT little CHANCE FOR CLEON GETTING UP TO BAT.

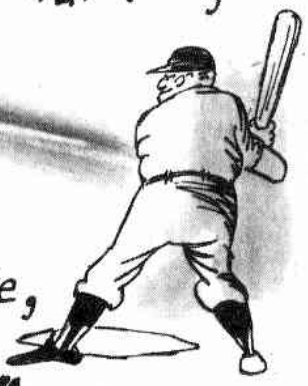
BUT AGEE HIT A "SINGLE" TO THE WONDERMENT OF ALL,
AND THE WILDLY SWINGING GROTE, HE TORE THE COVER OFF THE BALL
AND WHEN THE PLAY WAS OVER AND THEY SAW WHAT HAD OCCURED,
THERE WAS JERRY GROTE AT 2ND AND AGEE HUGGIN' 3RD.

Then from the cheering bleachers there went up a joyous shrill,
It ECHOED in the BRONX & QUEENS, it rattled RICHMOND HILL,
It went as far as BROOKLYN then went on to ol' MANHATT,
For **CLEON**, MIGHTY **CLEON**, was a-stepping to the bat.

There was ease in **CLEON'S** manner as he stepped up to his place,
There was pride in **CLEON'S** bearing and a grin on **CLEON'S** face,
And when acknowledging the **Cheers** he turned his battered hat,
No **Mets** fan in the crowd could doubt 'twas **CLEON** at the bat.

TEN MILLION EYES were on HIM as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
FIVE THOUSAND fans applauded when he wiped them on his shirt,
Then when the Orioles' pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
BLOODSHOT gleamed in **CLEON'S** eye, **DEFIANCE** curled his lip.





And now the Orioles' pitcher's ball came flying through the air,
And **CLEON** stood there watching it in MIGHTY grandeur there,
Right by the STURDY batsman the BALL came as it sped,
"THAT'S LOW AND OUT," thought **CLEON**. "**STRIKE ONE**," the UMPIRE said.

From the bleachers filled with people there went up a great big **ROAR**,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a CONEY ISLAND shore,
KILL HIM! KILL THE UMPIRE! Mets fans shouted in the stands,
And they would have killed the fellow had not **CLEON** raised his hands.

With a smile like Liberace's, mighty **CLEON'S** face it shone,
He quieted the hollering, he made the game go on,
He nodded to the pitcher, and once more the **BALL** it flew,
But still **CLEON** ignored it and the UMPIRE said,

"**STRIKE TWO!**"

"**FINK!**" cried the maddened thousands, from the bleachers they cried, "F I N K"

But just one look from **CLEON** and they stopped their clamoring,
They saw his face grow stern and wild, they saw his features strain,
And they know that **CLEON** wouldn't let that ball go by again.

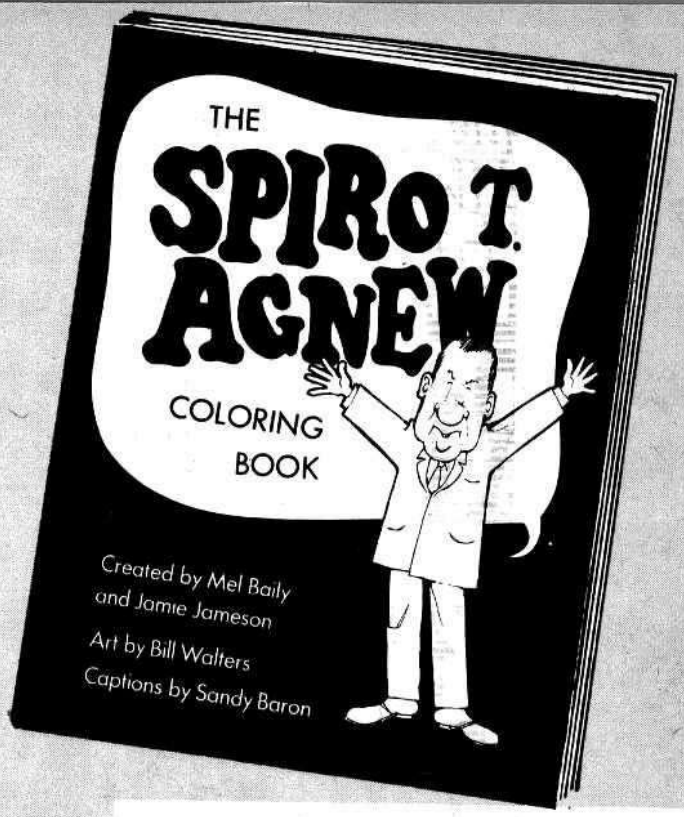
The grin is gone from CLEON'S face, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with sheer hostility his bat upon the plate,
And now the Orioles' pitcher holds the BALL, then lets it go,

AND NOW THE SCENE IS SHATTERED BY THE FORCE OF CLEON'S BLOW.

Oh somewhere in this great NEW YORK the sun is shining bright,
Somewhere in the BRONX and BROOKLYN hearts are very light,
And somewhere in MANHATTAN and in QUEENS they're in a COMA,
But the real Joy is in FLUSHING ... mighty CLEON hit a **HOMER.**

LITERATURE

This is the age of the nuclear bomb, undeclared wars, the population explosion, air pollution, water pollution, student unrest and inflation. We can survive all these, but Spiro T. Agnew is something else. For an in-depth study of this great leader, we recommend a funny book by Grosset & Dunlap. It sells for $2.95, without crayons. If you want crayons write to Spiro T. Agnew at the White House. He has the crayon concession.

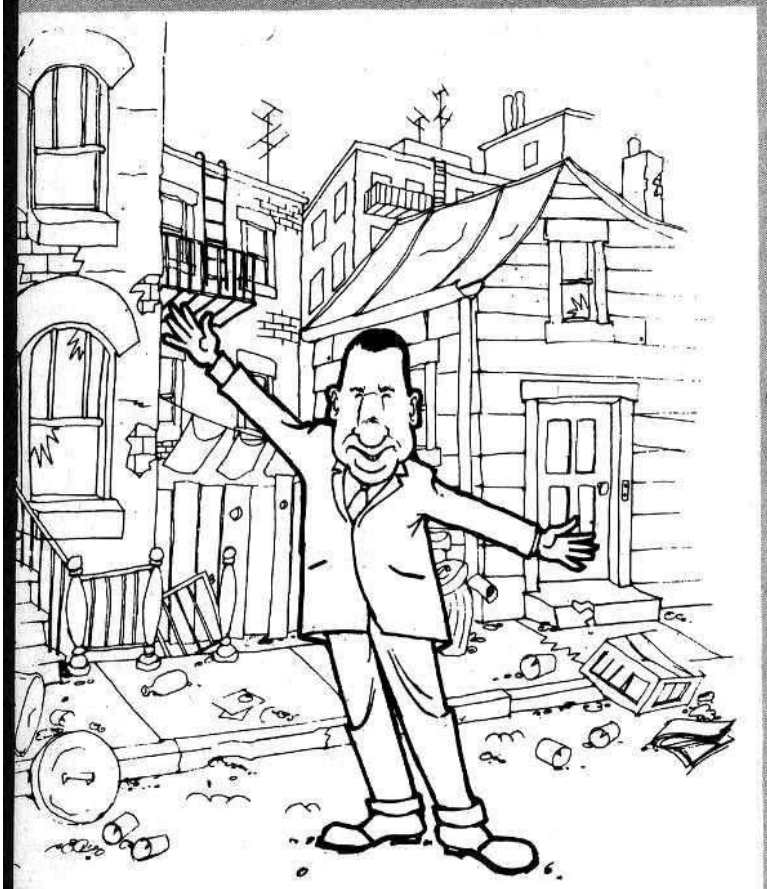


Copyright © 1969 by Mel Baily Productions, Inc.

Published by Grosset & Dunlap,
51 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10010.

This is the Official Inauguration Picture of me in my new office. Color it red, white and blue. During the next four years it will automatically self-destruct.

This is a Negro. Color him black. I have nothing against Negroes. I think every family should own one.

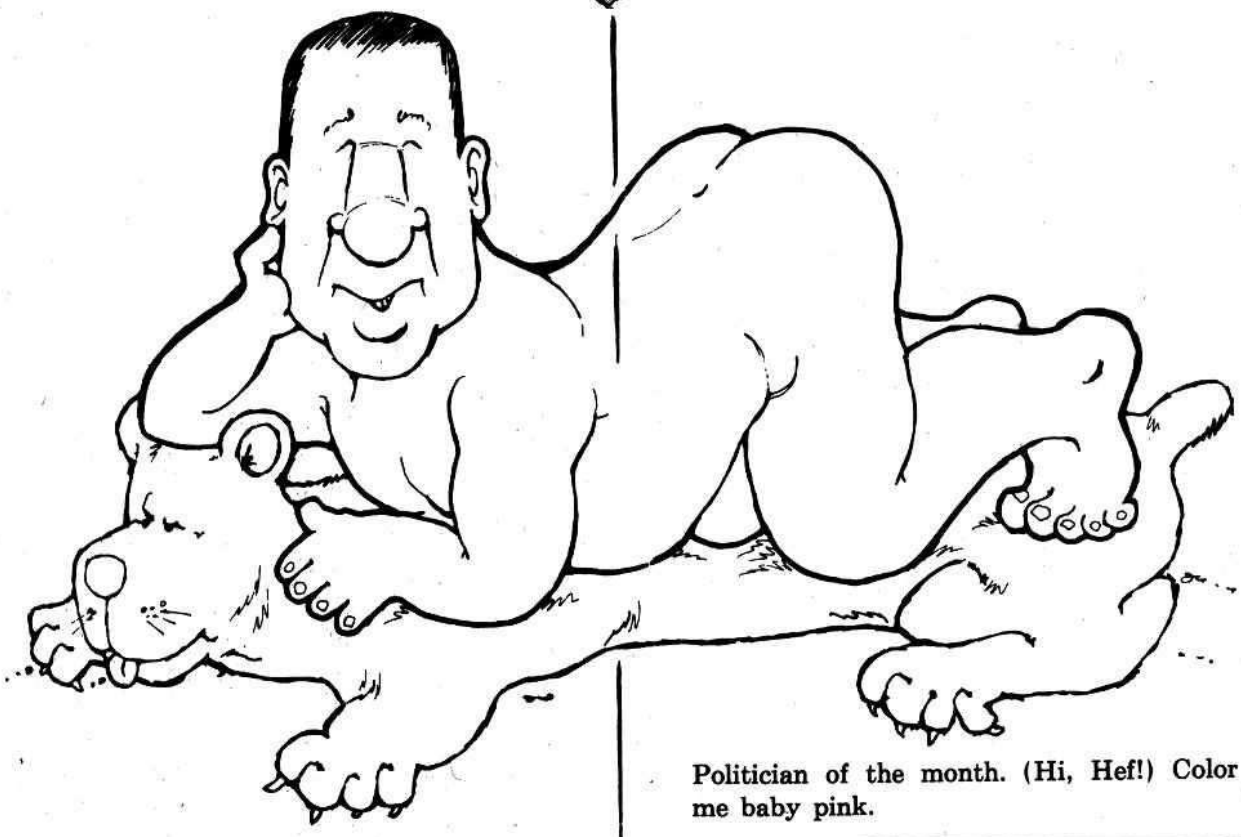


This is a slum. "If you've seen one, you've seen them all," I said. Color this slum over and over. Do not erase. Keep it colored.

In four years my name will be a household word. Fill in the blank with the word most heard in your house about me.

_____

Clip the coupon and send it to my boss at the White House.

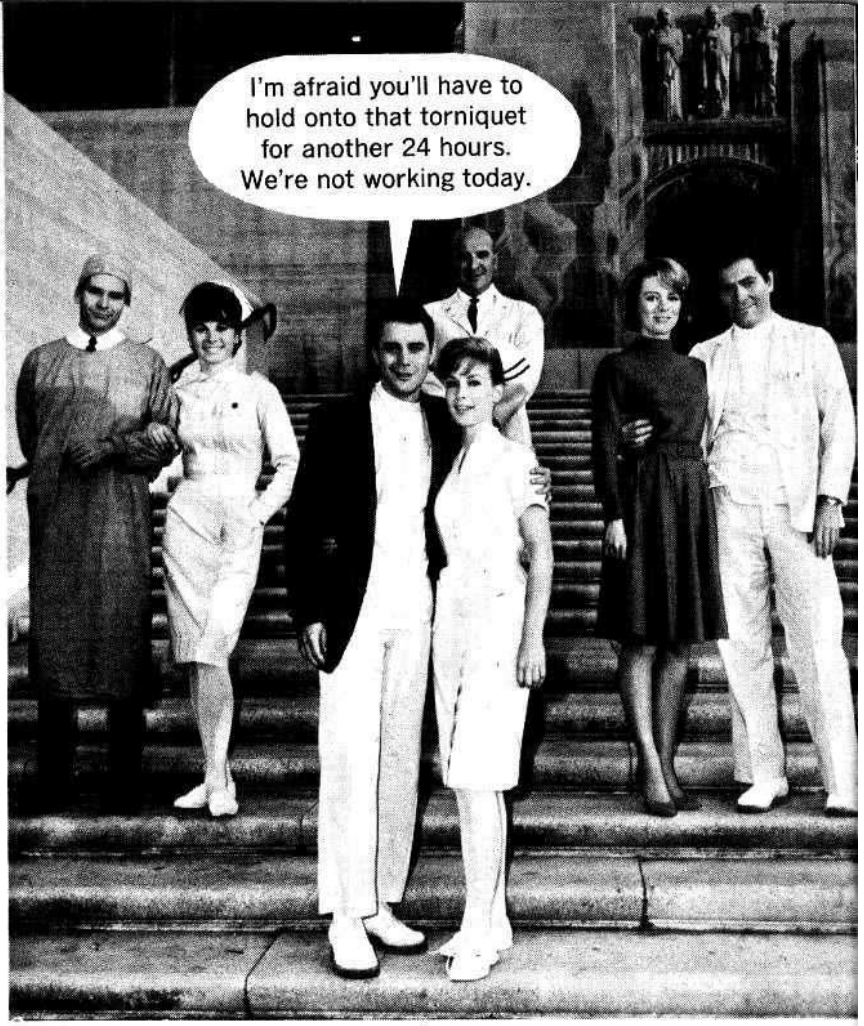


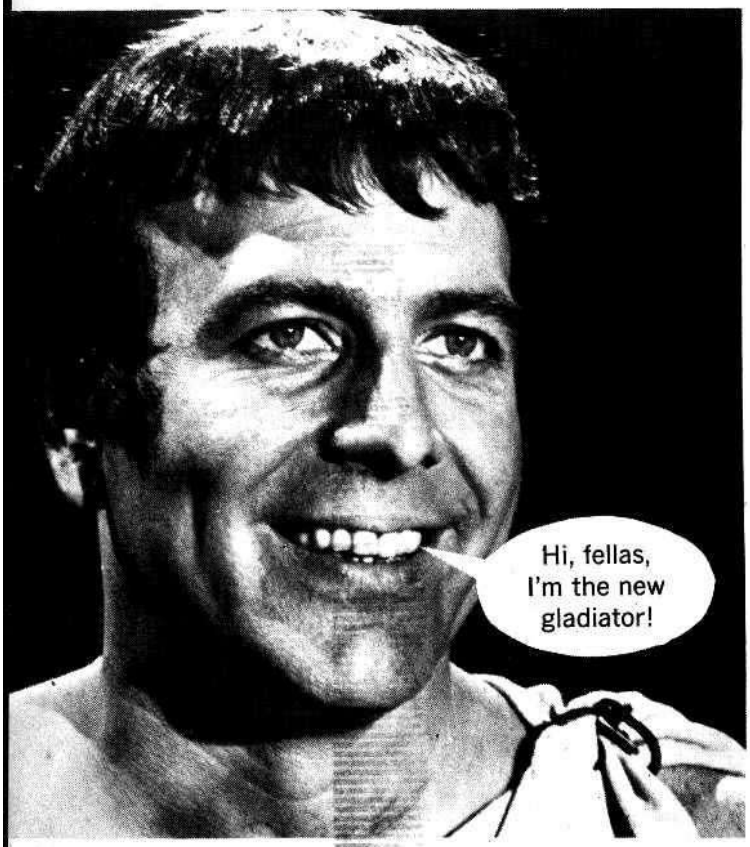
Politician of the month. (Hi, Hef!) Color me baby pink.

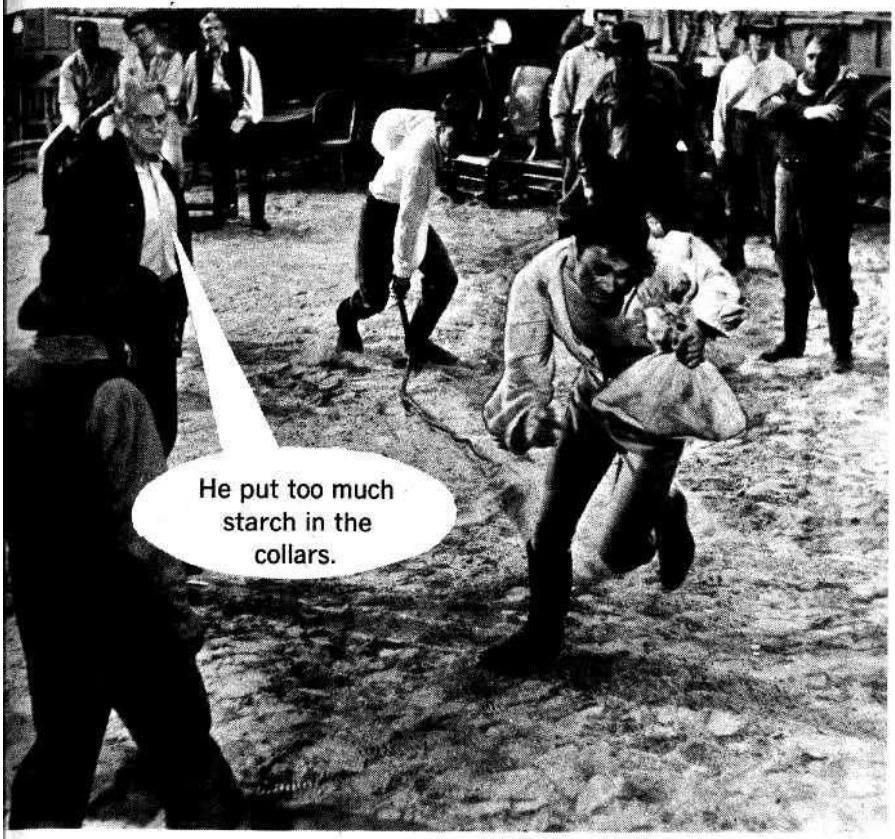
A recent poll proves, to get elected, the next President will have to understand minorities, be good on TV, and appeal to the young voter. Connect the dots and get Bill Cosby. Dammit.

Our film critic, Fred Wolfe, is busy these days writing a book on his dieting experiences. It's called "How to Lose Weight and Still be Fat." In between snacks, Fred covers old movies on television. These are called–

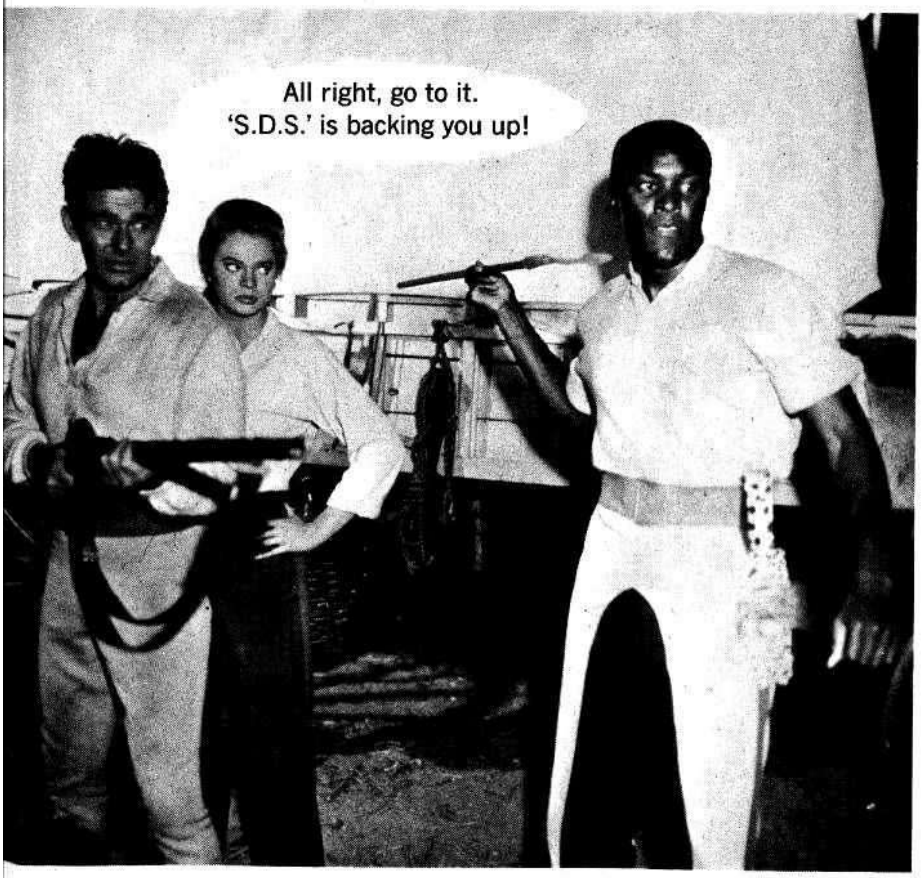
The LATE LATE LATE LATE SHOW

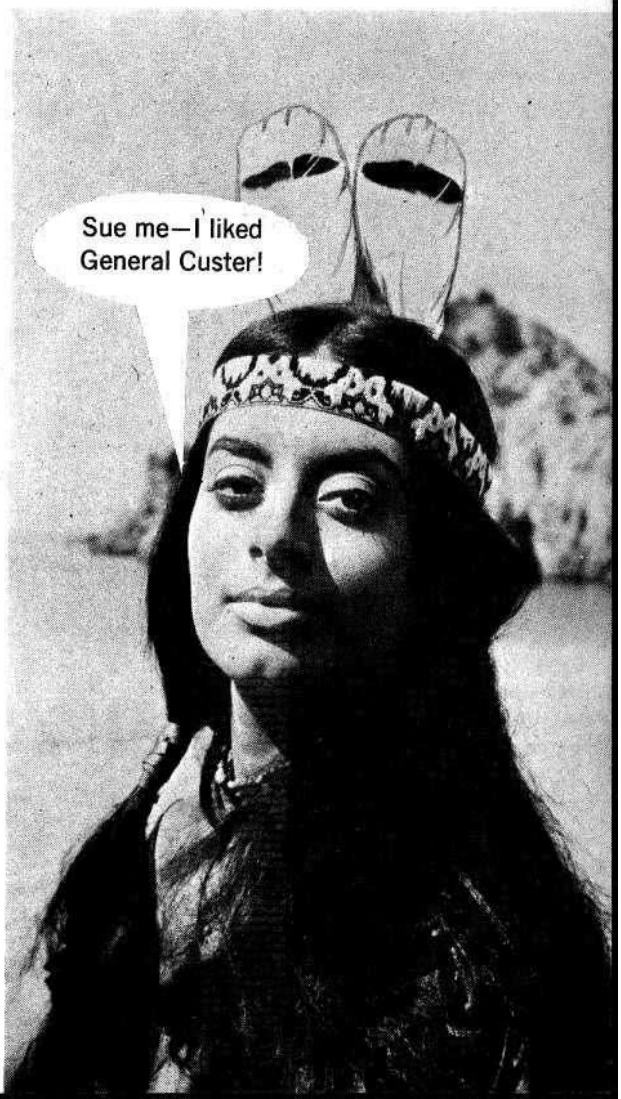




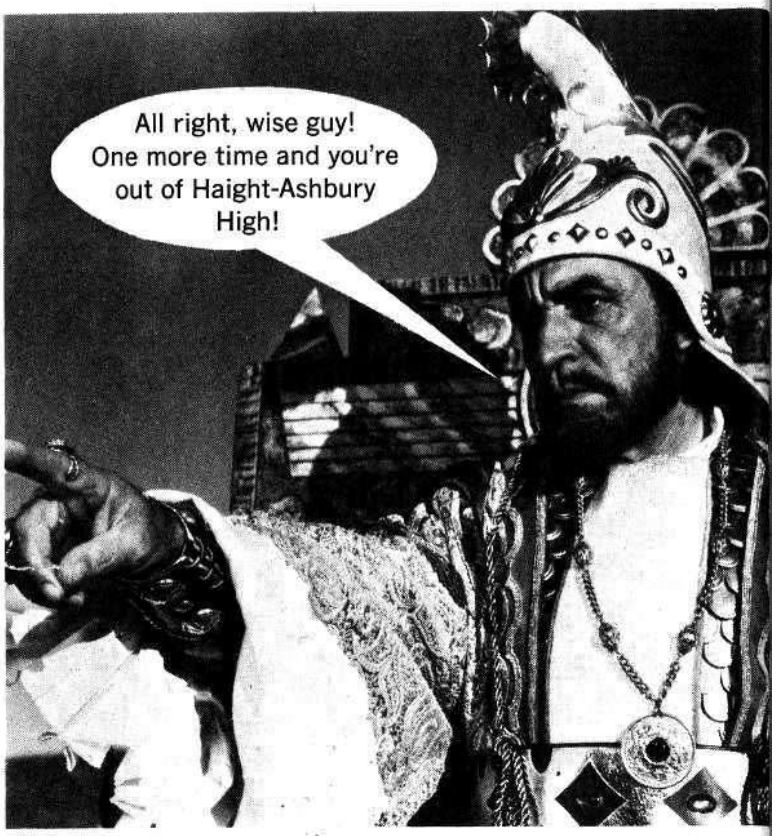

He put too much starch in the collars.

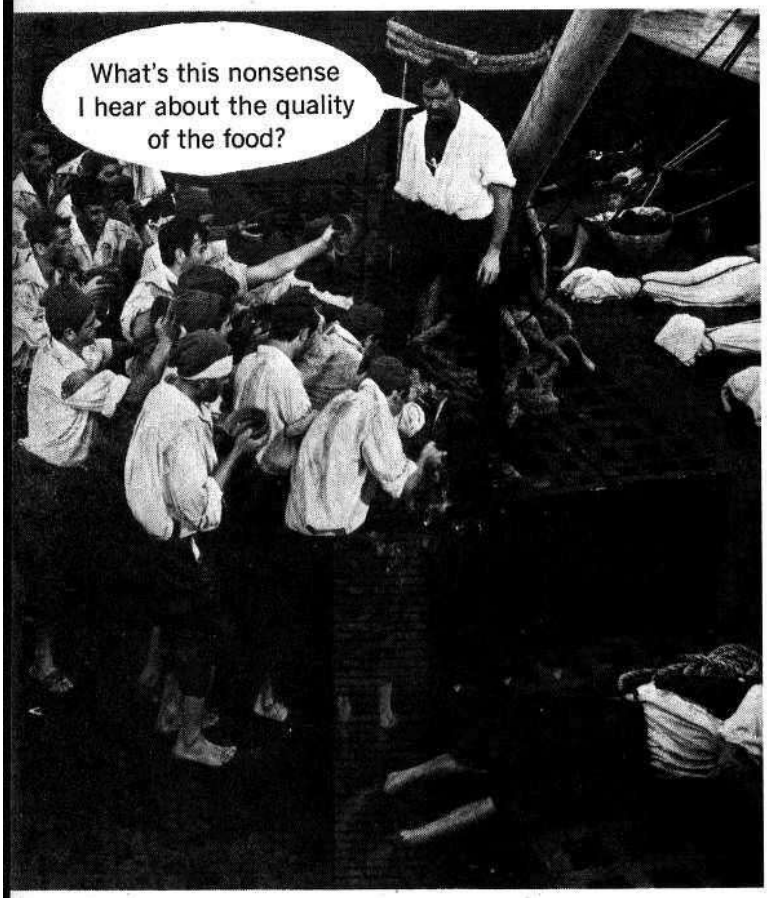
JBC MAY 15 1940
Sorry I'm late.

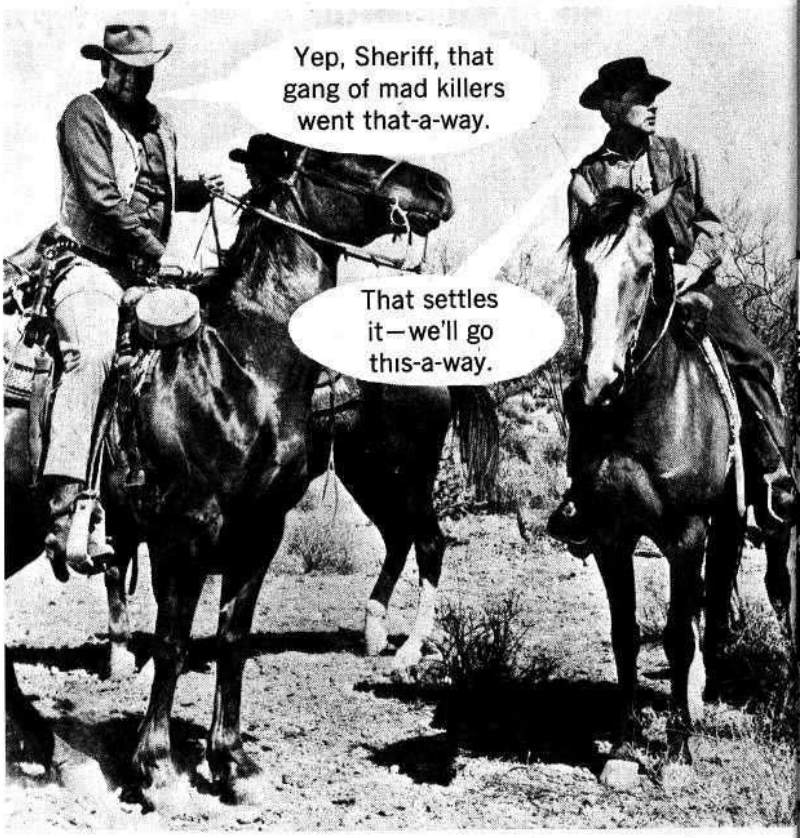

All right, go to it. 'S.D.S.' is backing you up!


Sue me—I liked General Custer!

What did you discover when you opened up that patient?
That I can't stand the sight of blood!


All right, wise guy! One more time and you're out of Haight-Ashbury High!

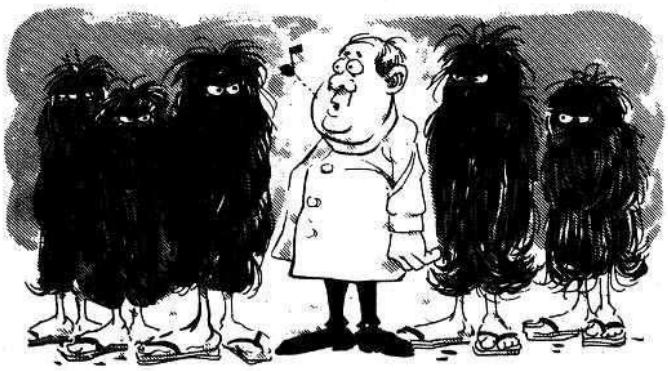

What's this nonsense I hear about the quality of the food?


Yep, Sheriff, that gang of mad killers went that-a-way.
That settles it—we'll go this-a-way.

SICK NEXT MONTH--

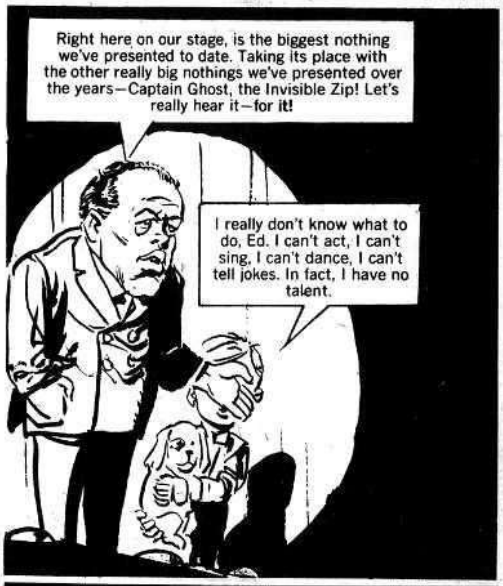
MOVIES SLEAZY RIDERS

STUDENTS THE NEXT 100 YEARS



PARTY GAMES

TV THE GHOST AND MRS. BORE


Right here on our stage, is the biggest nothing we've presented to date. Taking its place with the other really big nothings we've presented over the years—Captain Ghost, the Invisible Zip! Let's really hear it—for it!
I really don't know what to do, Ed. I can't act, I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't tell jokes. In fact, I have no talent.

PLUS "THE ACTION COMICS"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BOOBS

- **Eloise Gruber, Denver.** When asked by the fuzz why she was hiding in the linen closet of a hotel Dick Clark was staying at: "There was no room in the laundry chute!"
- **Alice Quertz, Jersey City.** After being found sitting on top of a stalled roller coaster in an amusement park in Perth Amboy: "You mean this isn't the bus to Philadelphia?"
- **Dora Sturdley, Miami Beach.** Upon seeing a neatly dressed teenage boy and girl holding hands and sipping sodas at a corner drug store: "Man, what is happening to our youth?"
- **Rita Nurney, San Francisco.** Asked by reporters what she did for a living, the 45-33-78 gal replied: "I work for a record company!"
- **Suzie Glick, Kansas City.** When asked why she was living in a cave under a rock quarry at Death Valley: "Like, everybody's gotta live someplace!"
- **Roslyn Berdbath, Detroit.** While riding in a bus taking the Four Seasons to a club date in Minnesota: "Tell the driver to stop already, I'm getting nauseous!"

CONTEST

WIN A DATE WITH ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK
(OR $10 IN CASH)

JUST FIND A NAME FOR THIS GROUP

Yes, nobody knows what to call this group. Nothing that can be said in public, that is. Send in your name in 25 words or less, together with 19 wrappers from Sen Sen packages and you could be the lucky winner!

WINNER WILL ALSO RECEIVE

- Two weeks following The Cowsills around
- An autographed photo of Joe Namath in drag
- A 10-gallon jar of Bobby Sherman's belly-button lint
- Two tickets to a riot at a rock music festival
- An introduction to Mama Cass' dietician

...and other groovy things!

CONTEST ENDS OCTOBER 31
(because group won't last longer than that)

SWAP SHOP

Have 3 locks of Steppenwolf's hair. Will swap for 1 lock of Sajid Khan's sideburns. BOX 72J

Will swap two hairs from nose of Enzo Cerusico for two hairs of Jose Feliciano's armpits. BOX 82L

Have Joan Baez' autograph on my stomach. What am I offered? Will consider skin graft if price is right. BOX 13F

Will swap my cousin Rosalie for an introduction to Tom Jones. Confidential BOX 24R

Have one galosh from the foot of Jerry Lee Lewis. Looking for second one. Will shell out plenty. BOX 39P

Must have an autograph of Sam & Dave to complete my collection. Will give anything -- money, my home, my family, you name it -- you got it. BOX 51A

Have a whole warehouseful of Mick Jagger buttons. Will swap for one Englebert Humperdinck button. Must have full name on button. BOX 63M

My mother and I can't communicate. Will swap her for any other mother who can. BOX 75S

What am I offered for a 14X20 foot autographed photo of Allen Ginsberg reclining on a beach chair in Macy's window. BOX 86D

Will swap every joke in this whole miserable parody for one funny line I can use in the next one. BOX 99Q (if no answer, write BOX 83V)

A GROUPIE GIRL'S SOBBING CONFESSION:

THE DAY I ALMOST COMMITTED SUICIDE-WHEN RINGO STARR GOT MARRIED

Yes, I'll never forget that day. That miserable, horrible, catastrophic day! It was terrible. Just awful. The most traumatic day of my entire life. Imagine—that idol of all idols was getting married. I mean, like wow! I was in shock. I was sick to my stomach. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I hadn't felt like that since a few years ago when Englebert Humperdinck changed his name!

What can I tell you, when I first heard the news I was speechless. I just couldn't believe my ears. I mean the news I could believe, but not my ears. This is because I got them all bloodied trying to pull them out of my skull. I tell you, I never felt so much pain in my life. I was at the brink of total disaster. Then, when it sank in, I really began to feel bad!

I couldn't control myself any longer. I broke down completely and did something I never did before. I cried. I cried for six days and six nights. And on the seventh day I rested. I rested long enough to wring out the wet tissues so I could start again.

Finally I knew what I had to do. And it was also something I had never done before. Namely, I had to kill myself. Or do something even more drastic. There was no other way out.

Yes, my fellow Groupies, as soon as I found out that Ringo Starr was married, I wanted to end it all. I couldn't face the horrible thought. It was too depressing. And if you knew who I was you'd understand why I felt like this. Why I almost committed suicide when Ringo Starr was married. And the reason is—I am **Mrs.** Ringo Starr!

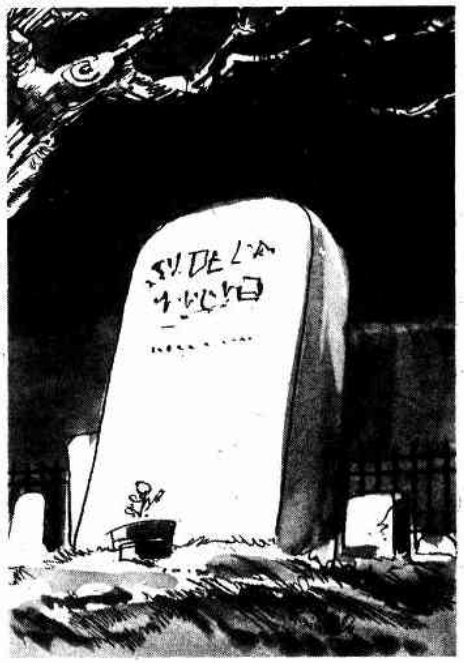
GROUPIES IN THE NEWS

Verna Beasley, Bangor, Maine. To be near her group, *Gerry & The Pacemakers,* she stowed away on a plane bound for Japan. Unfortunately, it was driven by a Kamikazee pilot.

Hermine Ferdnit, Dallas, Texas. Made important news recently by following *the animals* all the way from Africa to Australia. Not the rock group, mind you—real live animals!

Blanche Gurney, Walla Walla, Wash. Was hospitalized last month along with 14 other Groupies after they all had a terrible accident in their pad. The bed collapsed!

Astrid Hopplemeyer, Macon, Georgia. A truly dedicated Groupie, she recently called off her wedding when she found out they were going to give her a shower!



Sydelle Slutz, Butte, Montana. Victim of a freak accident. Seems, while out on the road she used a sleeping bag made of unsanforized cotton. During a heavy rainstorm she shrank to death!

Frieda Sterndip, Racine, Wisconsin. Tried to commit suicide after being snubbed by *Dino & The Rascals.* She attempted to slash her wrists but fortunately, she used an electric shaver!

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE GROUPIE I EVER MET

by
Watser Name
(as told to her Guru)

Man, she was really weird! What a background! At five she ran off with an electric guitar player. At seven she was following a group of Polish folk

singers all over Europe. And at nine she married a teenage blues singer from Detroit. Now the weird part is, all those numbers don't represent her age. They're the time of day!

Yes, she certainly was a strange girl. And real tough too. On her wrist she had a tattoo of her chest! In fact, she had tattoos all over. She had the face of Bob Dylan on her stomach, the *Nitty Gritty Dirt Band* on her back, and under each armpit—*Simon and Garfunkel*. It was incredible. When she walked—moving pictures!

And she looked real freaky too. She stood 6'3" in her stocking feet. She was really 5'8" but she liked thick stockings. And she weighed 47 pounds. What can I tell you, she looked like a dirty pipe cleaner. If it wasn't for her Adam's Apple she'd have no shape at all. Man, she was really skinny. She used to worry everybody, no end.

But she had a lot of personality. And so she got a job at the *Pink Pussycat* where she took off all her clothes and danced topless as the men went wild. The reason they went wild? She wasn't a dancer there, she was the car-hop!

She didn't have any luck though. She was always a loser. As a child she'd play hide-and-seek and they wouldn't even look for her. In school she got a nose job and it grew back. And when she first got married, on her honeymoon her husband carried her over the threshhold and got a hernia!

Today she is all over the scene and looking to get married. In fact, she's so anxious, she shows up on dates in a wedding dress. At present she is traveling around with a German shepherd. Not a dog—a real German shepherd.

Now you may ask—why is all this so unusual? So unforgettable? After all, doesn't this sound like the typical Groupie? And right you are! Only to me this person is so unforgettable. And the reason is, she happens to be my *mother!*

GROUPIE GOSSIP

Pearl Zucco says she has a club for Wayne Maunder. And if he ever shows up in her neighborhood she's going to hit him over the head with it . . . Gertrude Ferley brought her guitar to a Love-In because she wanted to have her "pick" there . . . Groupies are now flocking to Timothy Leary's backyard. They hear the grass is greener there!!!

* * *

You may not have known this but ol' Granny Beedle was a follower of Paul Revere & The Raiders. Not the group -- the real Paul Revere & The Raiders . . . Shirley Klotz accidentally drank a whole bottle of Milk of Magnesia and became a go-go dancer . . . There is no truth to the rumor that Englebert Humperdinck had to take that name because he couldn't use his real name -- Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.!!!

* * *

GROUPIES-ABOUT-TOWN: Darlene Smedley following the Lovin' Spoonful from the back of a hearse . . . Yolanda Grovis hanging from a zeppelin in following the Jefferson Airplane . . . Gladys Zilch living with Blood, Sweat and Tears. Not the group -- real blood, sweat and tears . . . Stella Wumbly left the Supremes to join the Miracles -- a real step upward!!!

* * *

Myrna Whipple quit her job at that Chinese Hand Laundry. She got tired of washing Chinese hands . . . Phyllis Klinemine just got out of bed with 102. Claims it was too crowded . . . Hard Luck Henrietta Hornsby had another unfortunate accident recently. Seems she fell off a horse, broke her leg and the horse shot her!!!

* * *

Guess who recently freaked out on a trip? Bertha Bernsley! Not on LSD, mind you. She was motoring with her parents . . . Alice Finster just gave birth to a baby boy and her hippie husband is now passing out bananas . . . Tillie Snerd has taken up painting. Now gets $40 a room . . . Weird Wanda Zilch injected alcohol into her armpits. She got stinkin' drunk!!!

* * *

ATTENTION, GROUPS!

If you haven't got your own girl follower...

RENT-A-GROUPIE

Now you too can have a real live girl follow you around wherever you go. And believe us, these girls will go pretty far. Order yours today. If not 100% satisfied, return the unused portion of the girl and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SPECIAL LOW RATES FOR BRONX GIRLS

GROUPIES GALORE

VIRGIN ISLANDS

Miss Groupie of the Year

WANDA FURD
East Village, N.Y.:

The Groupies' Groupie, she has followed *The Doors* to Frisco, *The Union Gap* to Chicago, and *The Swallows* to Capistrano. At present she is following *The Monkees* into the Bronx Zoo. A dedicated Groupie, at the age of 14 she fell in love with a picture of Donovan. Not Donovan himself. Him she hated. His *picture* she loved. Today at 17 she was voted the girl most likely to get trampled in a riot at *Fillmore East*. Really built, she has a figure that squares whistle at on the street. She looks like a taxicab. Nevertheless, she recently announced her engagement to Tom Jones. Now she's waiting for Tom Jones to say something.

TINY TIM THREW ME THE ROSE BETWEEN HIS TEETH

EXCLUSIVE:
by
ALMA SLUM

I will always remember that magnificent, thrilling moment! That wonderful, beautiful moment when Tiny Tim turned to me and, with a tremendous flourish, threw me the rose between his teeth! It was unbelievably divine!

There he was—on the stage of Fillmore South—resplendent in his Spanish costume, dressed as a groovy, out-of-sight matador. He looked marvelous. Complete with black hat, black cape, black tight-fitting pants, brown shoes. He looked so groovy I almost threw up!

I sat there spellbound as he went into his first number—Cielito Lindo. He sang it the hard way. With a rose between his teeth. And at the end of the number he looked right at me. Our eyes met for that one thrilling moment and, like a real gay caballero, he threw me the rose between his teeth!

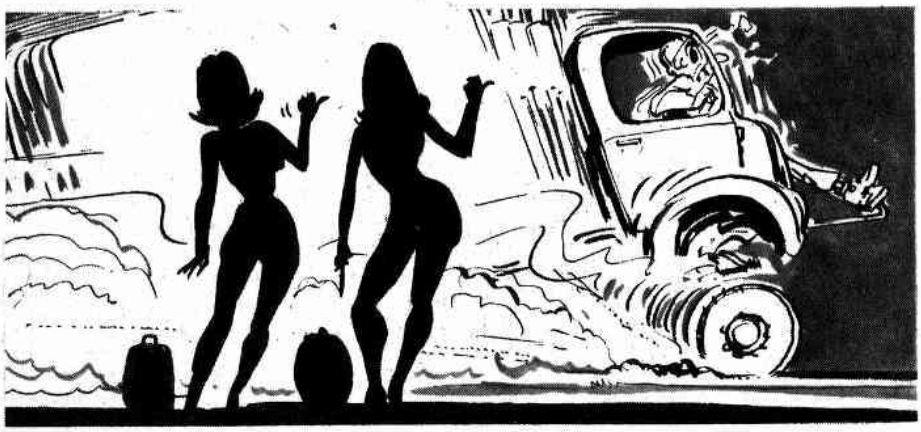
And I'll never forget it. His teeth were still in it!!

GROUPIES

CONTENTS

In No-Man's Land With Tiny Tim 4

I Followed Jimi Hendrix For 6 Days And 6 Nights (And On The 7th Day I Rested) 8



The New Rage: Hitchhiking In The Nude! 17

A Groupie's Lament: The Rain Rusted The Tattoo of Stevie Wonder I Had On My Forehead!..... 23

What It's Like To See John Lennon and Yoko Ono With All Their Clothes On!..... 29

The Day George Harrison Took Me Aside (And Left Me There!)..... 34

This Year I Went Around The World With Jim Morrison— Next Year I'm Going Someplace Else!..... 36

How To Go All Over The Country On $5 A Year (And In The City On $5000 A Year)..... 41

I Flew To Europe With Herman And The Hermits (Next Time I'm Taking The Plane!)..... 57

The Beach Boys Couldn't Get Along Without Me— I Had The Only Key To The Locker!..... 62

Every Day I Worship The Ground Bob Dylan Walks On (He Walks Past My Church Every Morning)..... 68

How To Follow The Groups In Ten Easy Lessons —Or One Hard One! 75

I Started A Fan Club For O.C. Smith's Dog by Lassie..... 79

EXCLUSIVE! Elvis Presley's Sideburns Used To Be Yul Brynner's Hair! 83

A Special Interview With Don Ho's Brother Gung!..... 86

Join The Englebert Humperdinck Fan Club: All You Have To Do Is Spell It 99

SPECIAL 46-PAGE SECTION ON THE BOYS WHO FOLLOW THE GIRLS WHO FOLLOW THE GROUPS 101

—EDITORIAL STAFF—
(The ones who get to the office first)

THE FANS' FAN MAGAZINE

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Jack Sparling

A SICK MAGAZINE HANG-UP

As if they haven't got enough magazines on the market about rock 'n' roll groups, they now have one exclusively about "groupies"—those teenage girls who follow the groups around wherever they play. It's a magazine written by and for these groupies, so naturally it's called...

GROUPIES

THE FANS' FAN MAGAZINE

THE NIGHT PAUL McCARTNEY ASKED ME OUT
(I Was In His Room At The Time)

• • •

WHAT IT'S LIKE TRAVELING WITH 19 GUYS IN A BABY VOLKSWAGEN

• • •

101 Ways To Sneak Into
Mick Jagger's Hotel Room

• • •

I'd Follow Spanky And Our Gang Anywhere—But Not To Philadelphia!

• • •

EXPOSE!
Is The Girl Who Follows The Rolling Stones Making It With The Guy Who Follows Sonny And Cher?

• • •

Exclusive!
MIDGETS ARE FOLLOWING THE SMALLER GROUPS!

A SICK PARODY